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Boys - Girls
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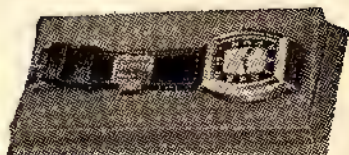
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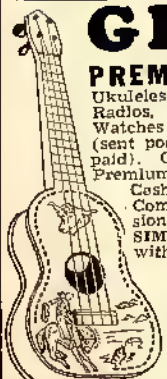
OUR
57th
YEAR

Act
Now

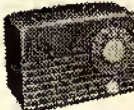
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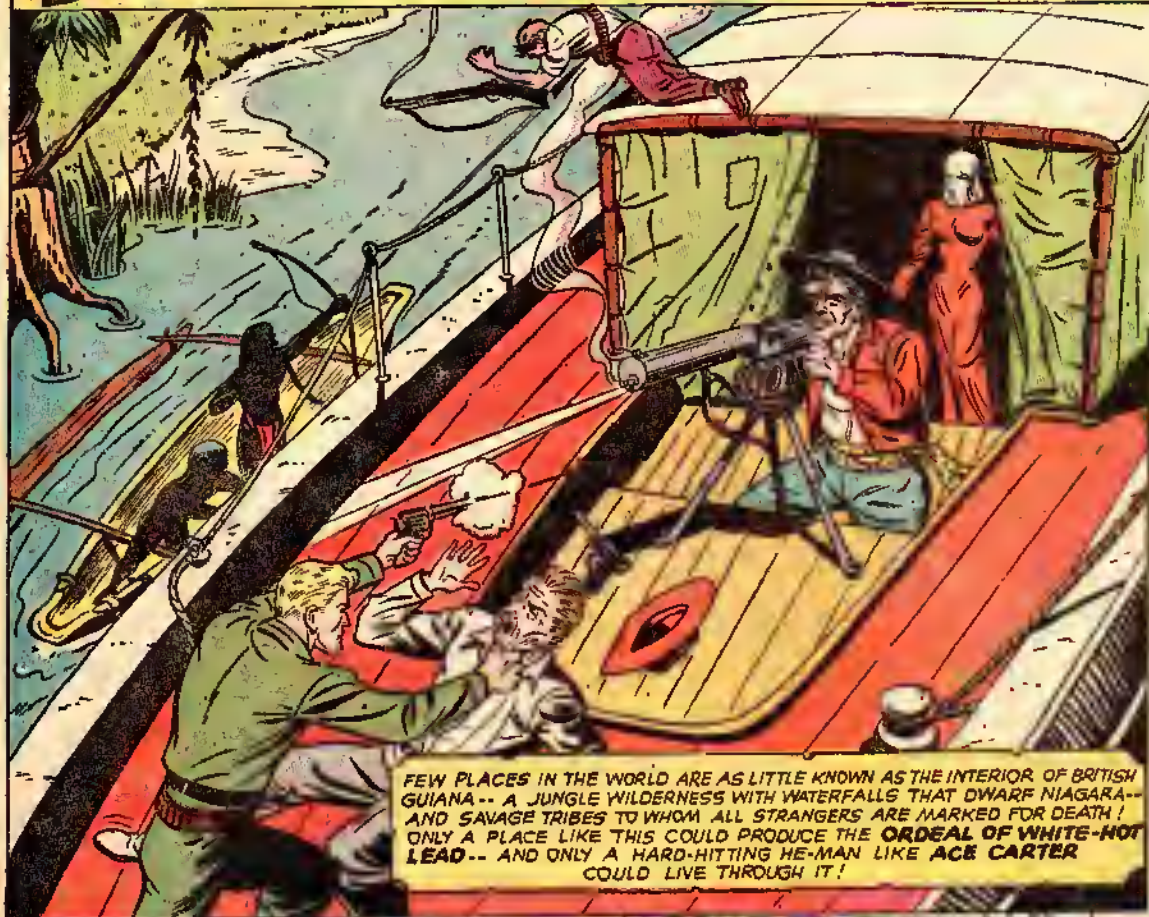
MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
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Zone
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Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

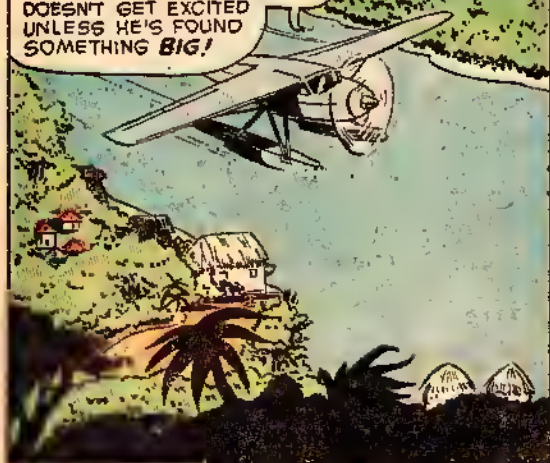
ACE CARTER... ADVENTURER



FEW PLACES IN THE WORLD ARE AS LITTLE KNOWN AS THE INTERIOR OF BRITISH GUIANA-- A JUNGLE WILDERNESS WITH WATERFALLS THAT DWARF NIAGARA-- AND SAVAGE TRIBES TO WHOM ALL STRANGERS ARE MARKED FOR DEATH! ONLY A PLACE LIKE THIS COULD PRODUCE THE ORDEAL OF WHITE-HOT LEAD-- AND ONLY A HARD-HITTING HE-MAN LIKE ACE CARTER COULD LIVE THROUGH IT!

OVER A SMALL RIVER SETTLEMENT-- 350 MILES FROM THE COAST OF BRITISH GUIANA--

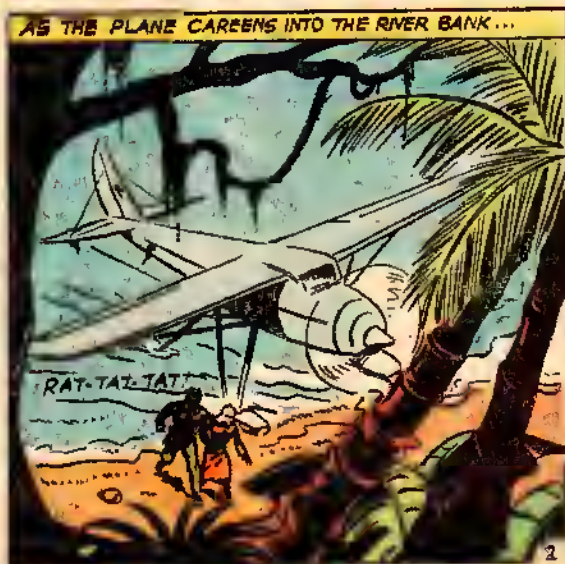
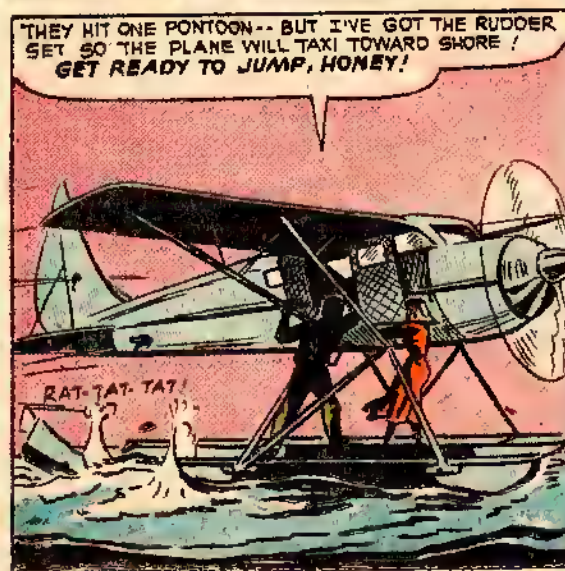
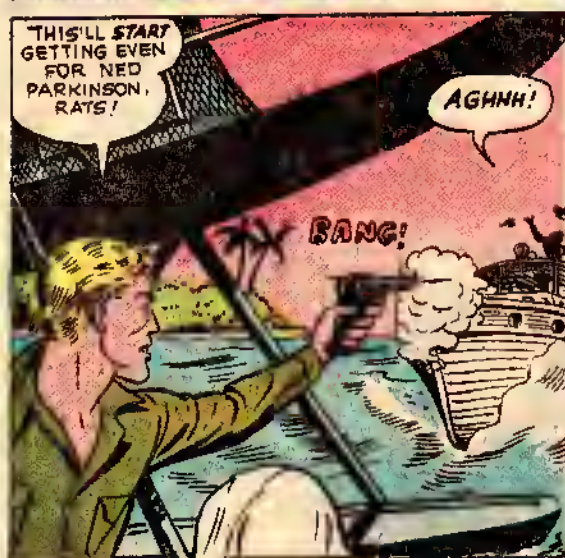
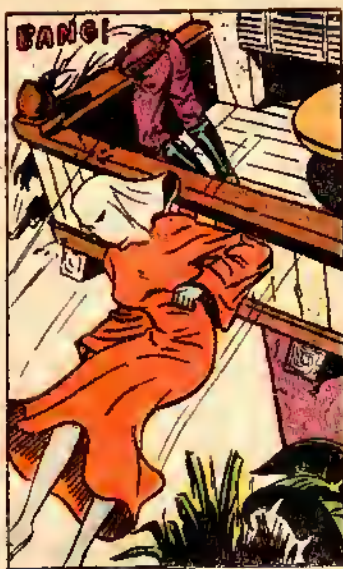
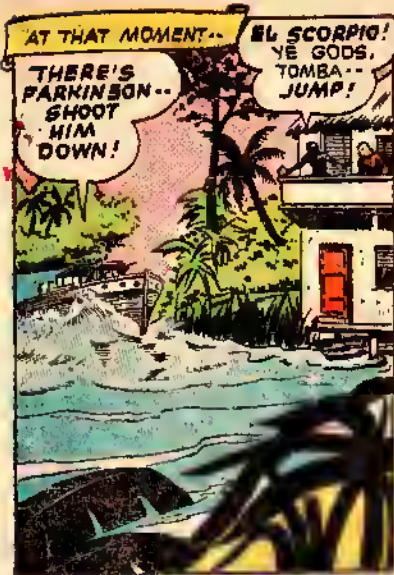
WONDER WHAT NED PARKINSON FOUND IN THE BACK COUNTRY-- AFTER BEING THERE NEARLY A YEAR? HE ASKED ME TO FLY DOWN AND MEET HIM HERE-- AND A PROSPECTING GEOLOGIST DOESN'T GET EXCITED UNLESS HE'S FOUND SOMETHING BIG!



THERE'S NED NOW-- BUT WHO IN BLAZES IS THAT MYSTERIOUS CHICK STANDING NEXT TO HIM?



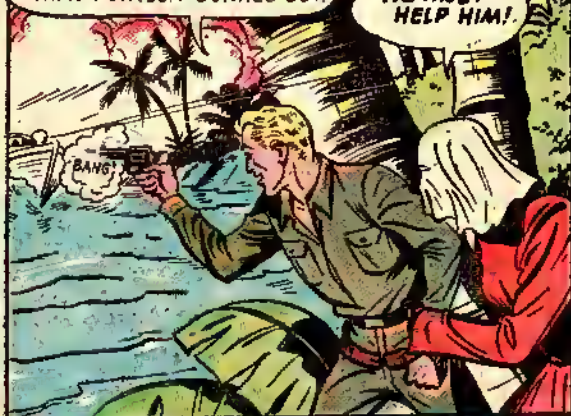
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AS EL SCORPIO'S LAUNCH TURNS UPSTREAM--

NOW I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A GOOD SCRAP-- BUT THERE'S NO WAY TO FOLLOW 'EM WITH THAT PONTOON CONKED OUT!

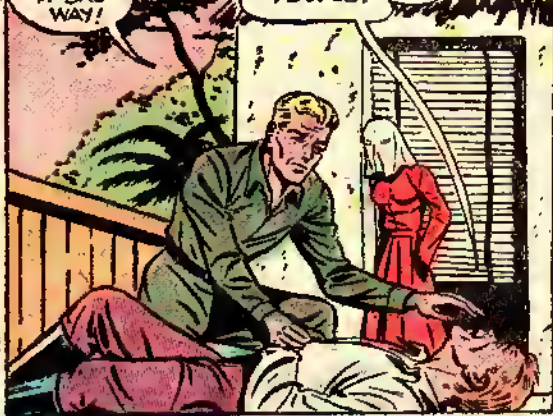
EL SCORPIO CAN WAIT! PARKINSON MAY STILL BE ALIVE-- WE MUST HELP HIM!



MINUTES LATER--

I WON'T KID YOU, NED-- YOU'RE IN A BAD WAY!

I-- FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR-- THE RICHEST LEAD-BEARING AREA IN THE WORLD! BUT BEFORE ANY MINING'S DONE-- PROMISE YOU'LL HELP TOMBA'S PEOPLE!



AS PARKINSON'S VOICE FADES OFF INTO A CHOKING GASP--

HE'S DEAD-- HE'S GONE-- AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!

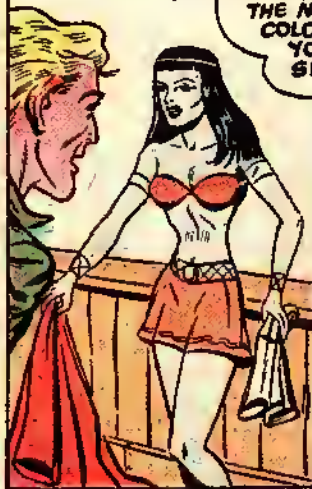
MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THAT THE NEXT TIME I MEET EL SCORPIO, HONEY! BUT WHO ARE YOU-- AND WHAT'S WITH THIS DISGUISE?



DO YOU KNOW NOW?

GREAT GUNS-- THAT BLuish TINT ISN'T A DYE-- IT'S THE NORMAL COLOR OF YOUR SKIN!

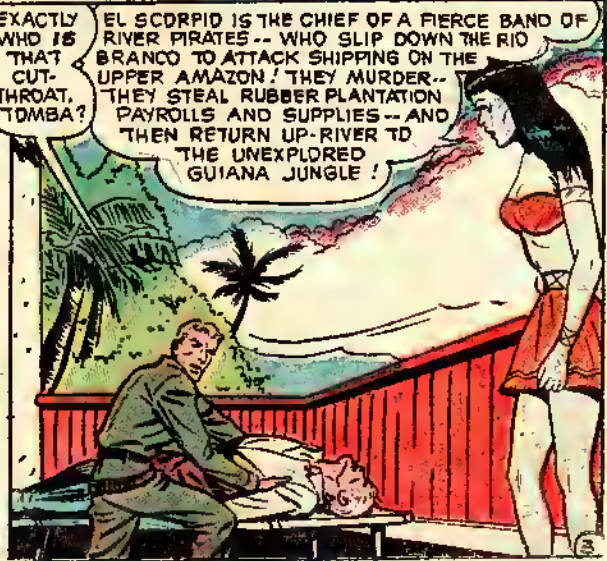
I AM ONE OF THE AZULOS-- THE BLUE PEOPLE-- LIVING NEAR THE BRAZILIAN BORDER! AFTER I LEARNED ENGLISH FROM PARKINSON-- HE EXPLAINED THAT OUR COLOR IS DUE TO CENTURIES OF DRINKING WATER THAT IS HEAVILY CHARGED WITH LEAD!



SIX MONTHS AGO-- WHILE PARKINSON WAS ON A MAPPING SURVEY-- HE WAS NEARLY KILLED BY EL SCORPIO AND HIS BAND! MY TRIBE HAS DIS-TRUSTED STRANGERS EVER SINCE EL SCORPIO CAME-- BUT I MANAGED TO HELP PARKINSON RECOVER! WE HOPED MY DISGUISE WOULD PREVENT EL SCORPIO FROM TRACING US WHEN WE SET OUT FOR THE COAST-- BUT THERE'S NO ESCAPING FROM HIM!

EXACTLY WHO IS THAT CUT-THROAT, TOMBA?

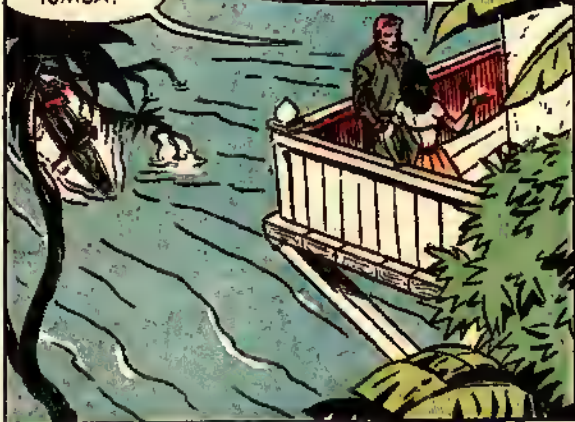
EL SCORPIO IS THE CHIEF OF A FIERCE BAND OF RIVER PIRATES-- WHO SLIP DOWN THE RIO BRANCO TO ATTACK SHIPPING ON THE UPPER AMAZON! THEY MURDER-- THEY STEAL RUBBER PLANTATION PAYROLLS AND SUPPLIES-- AND THEN RETURN UP-RIVER TO THE UNEXPLORED GUIANA JUNGLE!



I CAN SEE WHY EL SCORPIO WANTS THE BACK COUNTRY TO REMAIN UNEXPLORED. TOMBA!

THAT'S WHAT PARKINSON MEANT WHEN HE ASKED YOU TO HELP MY PEOPLE! AS LONG AS EL SCORPIO CONTROLS AZULO TERRITORY-- WE WILL HAVE NO SCHOOLS-- NO MEDICAL CARE-- NO CIVILIZATION!

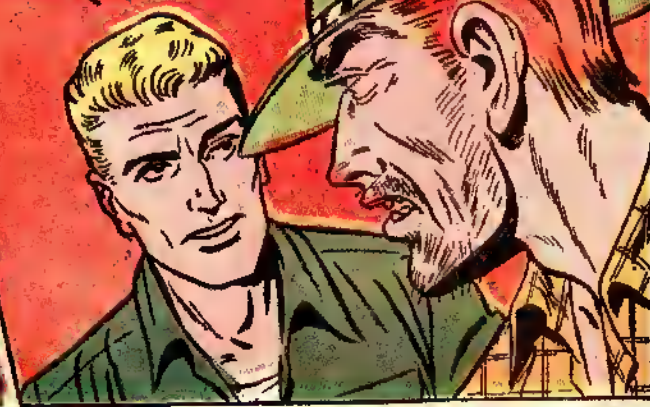
NOW THAT NED'S DEAD-- SOMEONE'S GOT TO GET FIRSTHAND INFORMATION ABOUT EL SCORPIO'S ACTIVITIES! I'M GOING TO KEEP MY PROMISE, TOMBA-- AS SOON AS I CAN GET THAT PONTOON REPAIRED!



NEXT DAY-- ME-- A JUNGLE OUTCAST! THINK OF IT, SENOR-- PENNILESS-- WHEN I HAVE BEEN THE BEST OIL-FIELD WELDER IN SOUTH AMERICA!

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO MAKE A FAST TEN-SPOT, BUO! THINK YOU CAN PATCH UP A PLANE PONTOON?

LIKE NEW, AMIGO! SHOW ME THE PLANE, AND SET YOUR MIND AT REST-- IT WILL BE READY IN AN HOUR!



AN HOUR LATER-- NO QUESTION ABOUT IT-- THAT CHARACTER DID A GOOD JOB! NOW, BABY-- WE'VE GOT ONE WAITING!

YES-- AND ONLY THE THOUGHT OF PARKINSON GIVES ME THE COURAGE FOR IT!

AS THE ROAR OF THE POWERFUL MOTOR ECHOES OVER THE THATCHED ROOFS--

HEADING SOUTH OVER AN UNMAPPED EXPANSE OF JUNGLE--



IT MAY SOUND STRANGE THAT I FEAR MY OWN TRIBE, ACE-- BUT YOU DON'T KNOW KASANGA-- THE CHIEF WITCH-DOCTOR! I AM THE FIRST OF THE BLUE PEOPLE TO HAVE LEFT THE JUNGLE-- AND IT MAY MAKE HIM SUSPICIOUS!

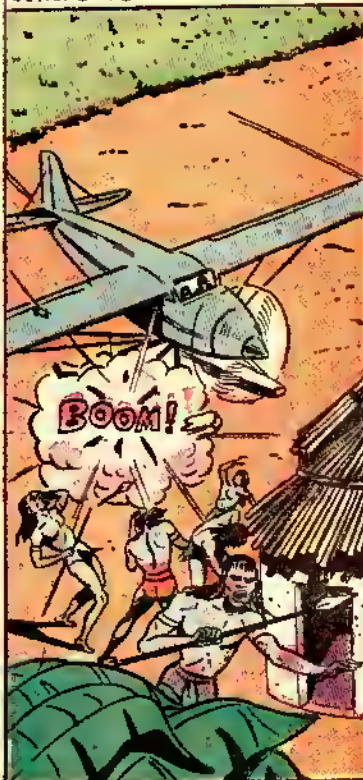
I'LL HANDLE HIM, HONEY!



HOURS LATER--IN A CLEARING
STRANGLER BY THE GREEN
WILDERNESS..



THEN-- AT THE INSTANT ACE
LOWERS HIS LANDING WHEELS--



WITH A JARRING IMPACT--

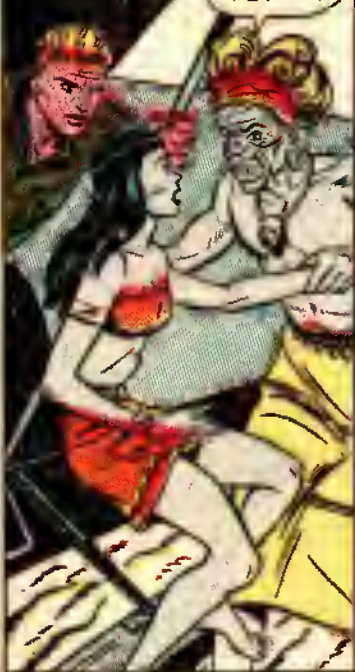
HOLD ON, TOMBA! THE LANDING
MECHANISM SET OFF A BOMB--
AND IT WAS PLANTED BY
THAT RAT WHO FIXED
THE PONTOON!



MOMENTS LATER..

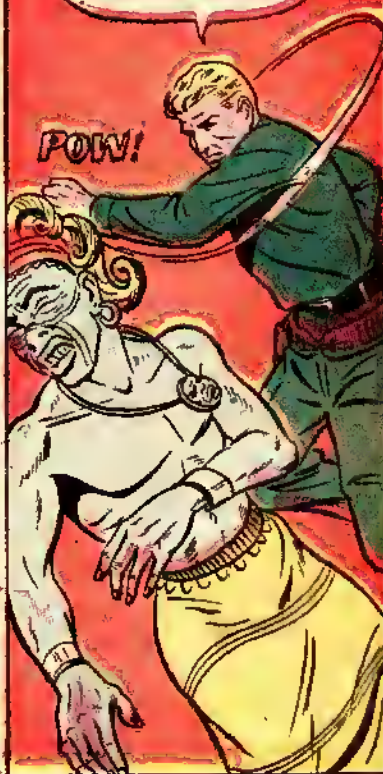
KASANGA!

BETRAYER--
YOU HAVE
HELPED THE
STRANGER
KILL YOUR
OWN
PEOPLE!



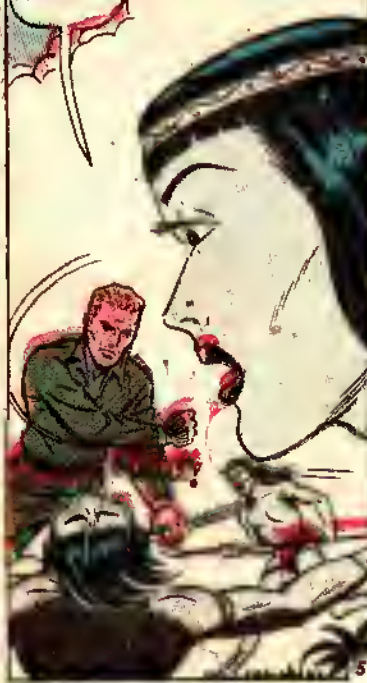
BETTER CHANGE YOUR
MUMBO-JUMBO. BUO--
IT'S STRICTLY
OFF THE BEAM!

POW!

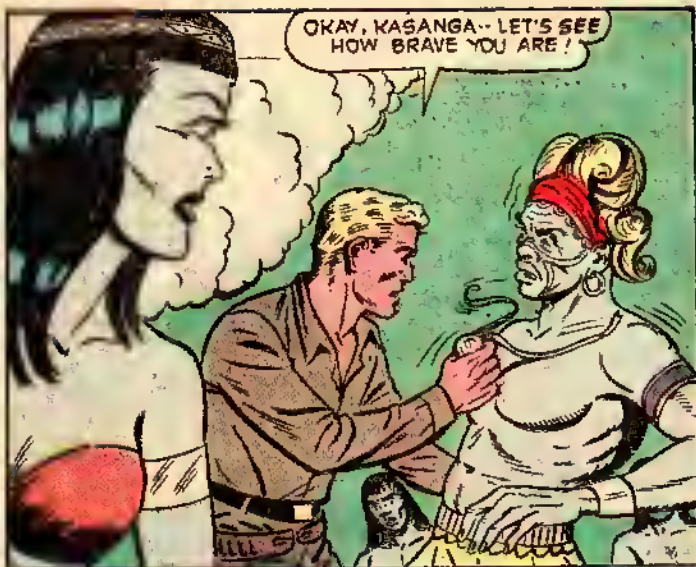


BETTER TELL 'EM THAT
BLAST WAS AN
ACCIDENT,
TOMBA --
BEFORE
WE START
PLAYING
FOR KEEPS!

ACE--
MOVE
ASIDE!







AS THE AZULOS READY THEIR WEAPONS--

ACE-- I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO PLUNGE YOUR ARM INTO THAT BLAZING CAULDRON?

KASANGA DIDN'T HAVE THE GRIT TO FOLLOW SUIT, TOMBA! IT'S A TRICK ANY ONE CAN DO-- PROVIDED THE LEAD IS WHITE-HOT!



This is perfectly true, folks-- but I want to warn you against trying it-- because accidents WILL happen!

SOON, AFTERWARD-- IN EL SCORPIO'S CAMP--

NEXT STEP IS TO GET ABOARD THE LAUNCH-- WITHOUT AROUSING THE ENTIRE CAMP!

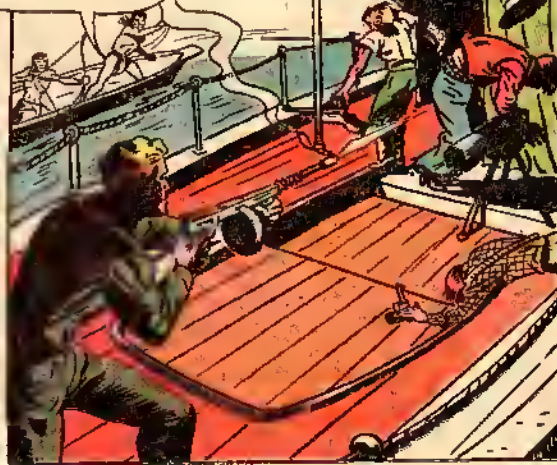
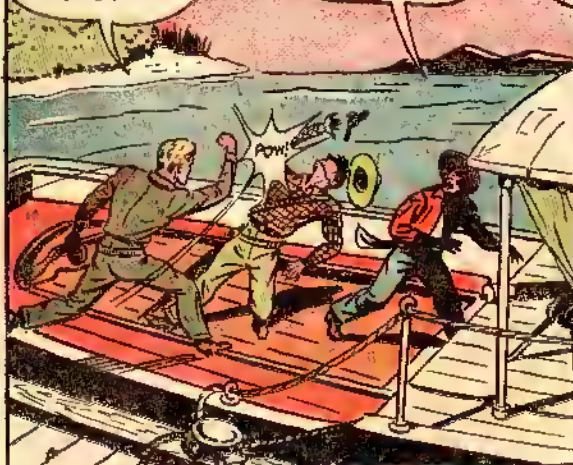


BUSTER-- I'M STILL PAYING OFF FOR THAT WELDING JOB!

YOU FOOLS ASHORE-- PILE OUT-- IT'S AN ATTACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, RAT-- AND I WISH NED PARKINSON WERE HERE TO SEE IT!

AGHHH!



THEN-- A TWO-PRONGED ONSLAUGHT--

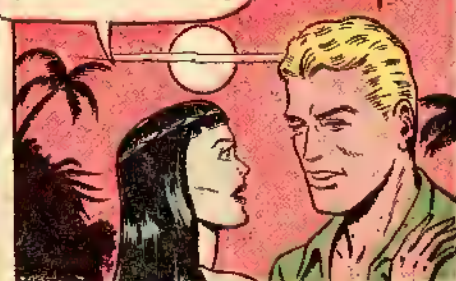
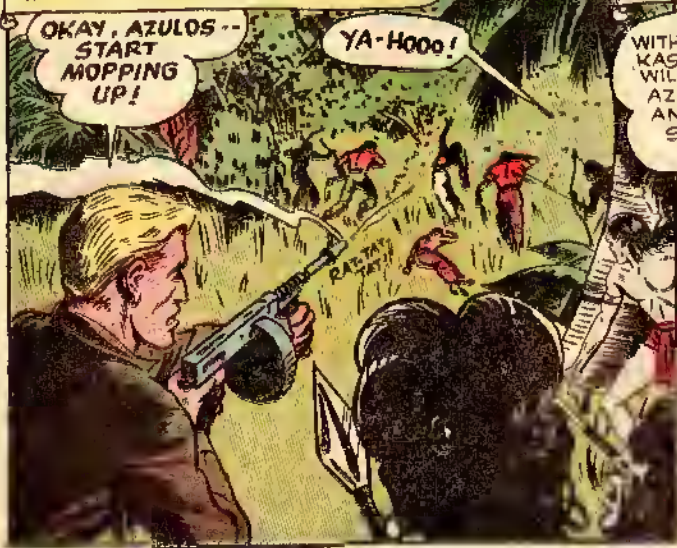
OKAY, AZULOS-- START MOPPING UP!

YA-HOOO!

WITH THE SURVIVING PIRATES FLEEING INTO THE JUNGLE--

WITH EL SCORPIO DEAD-- AND KASANGA WON OVER-- THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT FOR US AZULOS! NOW THE SCIENTISTS AND TEACHERS CAN COME SAFELY, ACE-- AND SHOW US WHAT IT MEANS TO LIVE LIKE HUMANS!

BABY-- I CAN SEE ADVANTAGES TO THAT-- BUT I HOPE YOU STAY EXACTLY AS YOU ARE!



ACE CARTER MEETS ANOTHER VIVID ADVENTURE HEAD ON-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

THE END

Cheechako FORTUNE

ALL THROUGH HISTORY, HUGE FORTUNES HAVE BEEN MADE BY THOSE WILLING TO BLAZE NEW TRAILS AND TRY NEW METHODS! FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE CASE OF YOUNG ALBERT LANCASTER, WHO ARRIVED IN THE KLONDIKE IN JULY, 1897, LONG AFTER THE GOLD RUSH HAD STARTED!

IT... IT LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE TOO LATE TO MAKE MY FORTUNE -- EVERY CREEK AND RIVER-BED IS ALREADY STAKED OUT!

YOUNG AL SOON BECAME A FAMILIAR, FORLORN FIGURE ALONG THE YUKON CREEKS -- AND THE BUTT OF MANY JOKES AND HOAXES! THE GRIZZLED PROSPECTORS WERE UNMERCIFUL TOWARD CHEECHAKOS, OR GREEN-HORNS -- AND ONE DAY...

SAY, CHEECHAKO -- WHY DON'T YUH GO UP THAR ON THAT HILL AND DIG FER GOLD? NO ONE'S EVER TRIED IT BEFORE!

I THINK I WILL!

HAW-HAW -- THAT DUMB CHEECHAKO! HE DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT NO ONE EVER FOUND GOLD ON A HILL! -- THAT IT'S ONLY FOUND IN CREEK-BEDS!

THE CHEECHAKO DUG IN THAT HILL FOR A SOLID MONTH -- WHILE THE OTHER PROSPECTORS GATHERED AROUND TO GUFFAW AT HIS FOLLY!

THEY THINK I FELL FOR A HOAX -- BUT IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THERE WAS AN ANCIENT CREEK-BED ON THIS SITE, AND THAT SOME GEOLOGICAL UPHEAVAL FORMED THIS HILL, ERASING ALL SIGNS OF THE CREEK -- BUT LEAVING THE GOLD!

HAW-HAW-HAW!

THEN ONE DAY, YOUNG AL'S THEORY TURNED OUT TO BE CORRECT!

I HIT A GOLD POCKET DOWN THERE! LOOK -- PURE NUGGETS!

GOLD! THAR'S GOLD IN CHEECHAKO HILL!

BEFORE THE END OF THE SUMMER, HORDES OF MEN WERE STAKING OUT THE OTHER HILLSIDES -- BUT NONE STRUCK IT RICHER THAN ALBERT LANCASTER, WHO TOOK A HUGE FORTUNE OUT OF CHEECHAKO HILL!

The End

GRUDGE Fight

"THIS IS THE big fight of the year, ladies and gentlemen," the sportscaster said excitedly into the mike from ringside. "It's more than just another championship heavyweight bout...for this is a grudge fight...between two men who have hated each other ever since they were both kids in the same town.

"It's no secret that Rocky Forman, the champion, was the town bully in his early youth, beating up smaller kids and always getting into trouble with the school authorities and the police...while Kid Blaikie, the contender tonight, was the town hero, the genial but two-fisted boy-scout who was always willing to battle for the underdog. The two kids had many a scrap together...but when Rocky found out after twenty or so day-long battles with Gene Blaikie that they always fought to a bloody draw, neither being able to knock the other out, the town bully left town...to look for easier pickings.

"At the age of 16, Rocky was a professional fighter in the steel-mill towns of Pennsylvania...and he slashed and backed his way to the big-time before he was twenty. Kid Blaikie, on the other hand, came up the all-American way...winning the Golden Gloves championship in clean fighting before he turned pro. The two fighters fought their separate ways to the top...and then, when the champion retired from the ring two years ago, Kid Blaikie and Rocky Forman, the two top contenders, were matched for the championship.

"You all remember the events connected with that fight, of course, ladies and gentlemen...how the night before the bout, three hoodlums mobbed Kid Blaikie and tried to beat him up. The whole country understood that it was a vicious attempt to injure the Kid so he couldn't possibly win...but no one, of course, could prove that Rocky had anything to do with the plot.

"At any rate, Kid Blaikie broke his right hand in kayoing the three strong-arm

men...but he insisted on going on with the bout the next night anyway. The result was a foregone conclusion...with only one usable hand, the Kid proved to be no match for Rocky. When the referee stopped the massacre in the sixth round, the Kid was a bloody, battered hulk...and Rocky was champion.

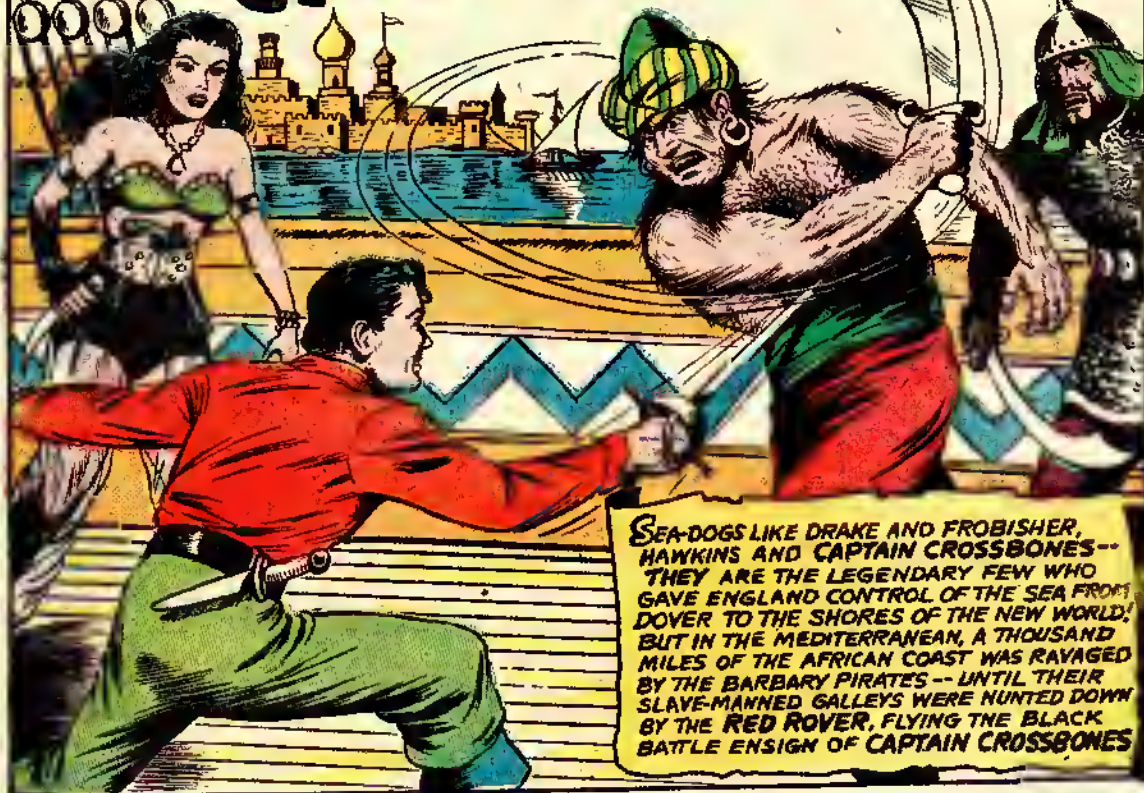
"But the Kid wasn't through. Before his right hand had healed, he started on his comeback trail. After a few fights, the Kid developed the most lethal and beautiful left in the fight business...that was his kayo punch, while the right was used merely in an occasional blow to the stomach. But the Kid's left was enough to gain him a two-year string of consecutive victories...and the public clamor for a rematch with Rocky Forman has finally resulted in the grudge bout you're about to see tonight..."

Relaxing in his corner, waiting for the first round to begin, Kid Blaikie dimly heard the sportscaster's voice above the excited chatter of the huge throng. Then the gong... and Rocky glided confidently forward, a leer in his face. The Kid knew what was in his opponent's mind...a good two-handed fighter could always beat a superior one-handed fighter...and Rocky was sure that he had only to watch out for the Kid's left.

As soon as Rocky came within range, the Kid let loose with his looping, powerful left...but Rocky had been ready, and the blows slid off his shoulder. Rocky came forward again, his eye warily cocked on the Kid's left...and then...BLAM! The Kid let loose with a mighty right that caught Rocky by surprise, staggering him. Another terrific right, and another one...and the crowd roared as the champion sagged under the piledriver blows and sank to the canvas, completely out.

With the referee raising his hand in victory, the Kid grinned at the sight of the ex-champion being carted off. "Maybe now you know that my right healed a long time ago," the Kid said, "and that I was saying it for you!"

CAPTAIN CROSSBONES



SEA-DOGS LIKE DRAKE AND FROBISHER, HAWKINS AND CAPTAIN CROSSBONES-- THEY ARE THE LEGENDARY FEW WHO GAVE ENGLAND CONTROL OF THE SEA FROM DOVER TO THE SHORES OF THE NEW WORLD! BUT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, A THOUSAND MILES OF THE AFRICAN COAST WAS RAVAGED BY THE BARBARY PIRATES-- UNTIL THEIR SLAVE-MANNED GALLEYS WERE HUNTED DOWN BY THE RED ROVER, FLYING THE BLACK BATTLE ENSIGN OF CAPTAIN CROSSBONES

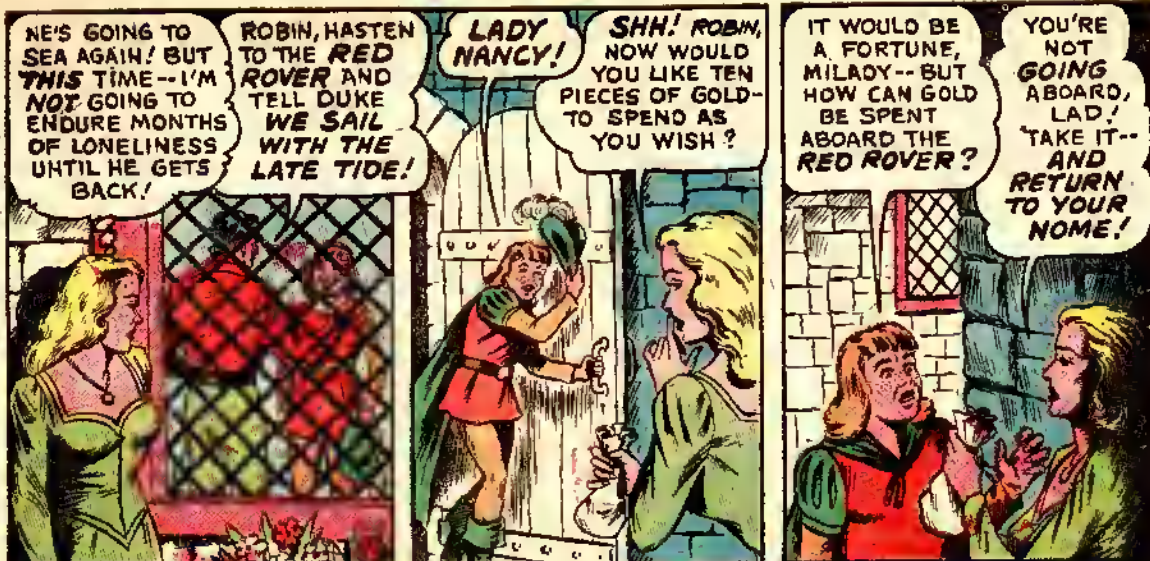
AT THE ROYAL PALACE OF ENGLAND.

BLACK TIDINGS HAVE REACHED ME, CAPTAIN CROSSBONES! SEVERAL OF OUR VESSELS HAVE BEEN SEIZED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN-- AND NOW TWO HUNDRED ENGLISH SAILORS AWAIT SLAVERY ABOARD THE MOORISH GALLEYS!

YOUR MAJESTY-- NEVER BEFORE HAVE THE BARBARY PIRATES BEEN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO ATTACK OUR SHIPS! THEY'VE BEEN PROMPTED BY SPANISH AGENTS AND ARMED WITH SPANISH GUNS!

AY-- MEN LIKE DRAKE AND YOURSELF HAVE TAUGHT THESE CRAVEN SPANIARDS TO LEAVE THE FIGHTING TO OTHERS! I COMMISSION YOU TO DESTROY THESE PIRATICAL DOGS IN THE NAME OF THE ENGLISH CROWN-- AND FREE THE MARINERS WHO LANGUISH IN THEIR HEATHEN PRISONS!





HE'S GOING TO SEA AGAIN! BUT **THIS TIME--I'M NOT GOING TO ENDURE MONTHS OF LONELINESS UNTIL HE GETS BACK!**

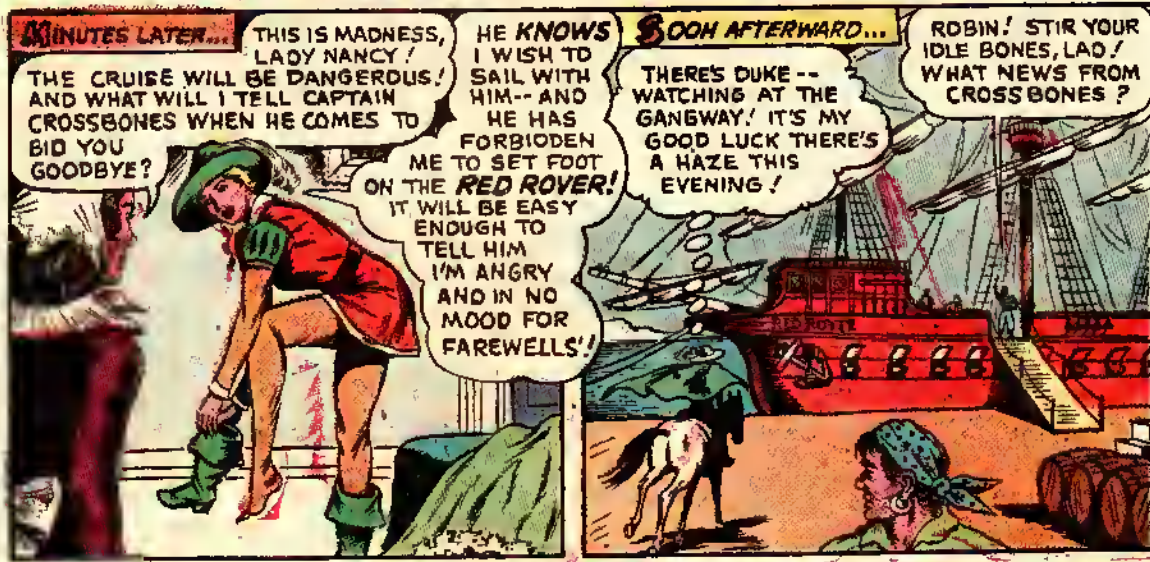
ROBIN, HASTEN TO THE **RED ROVER** AND TELL DUKE **WE SAIL WITH THE LATE TIDE!**

LADY NANCY!

SHH! ROBIN, NOW WOULD YOU LIKE TEN PIECES OF GOLD-- TO SPEND AS YOU WISH?

IT WOULD BE A FORTUNE, MILADY-- BUT HOW CAN GOLD BE SPENT ABOARD THE **RED ROVER?**

YOU'RE NOT GOING ABOARD, LAD! TAKE IT-- AND RETURN TO YOUR NOME!



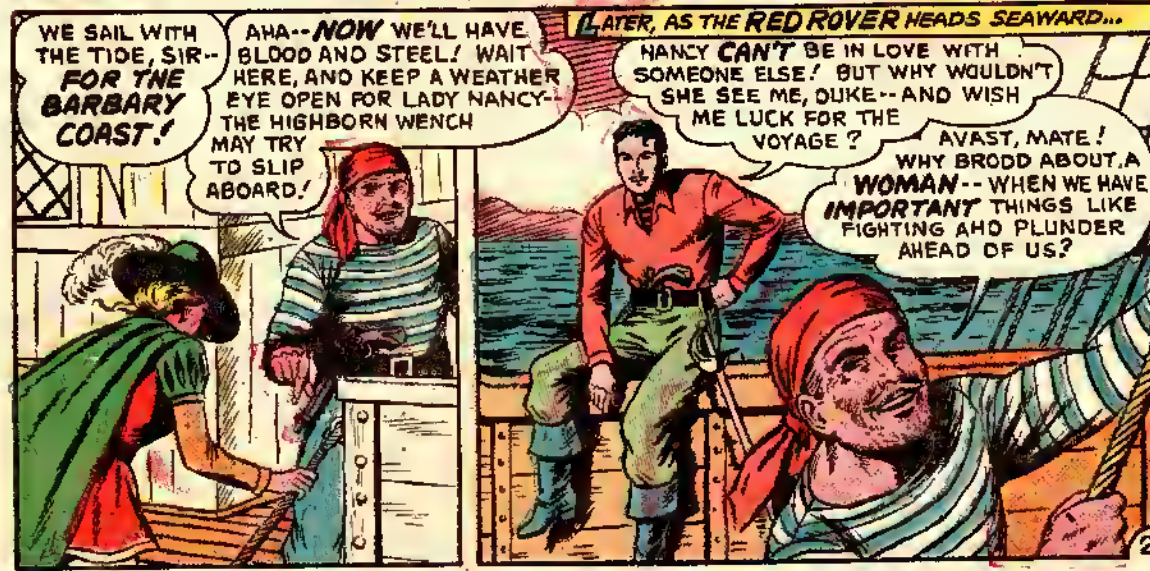
MINUTES LATER...
THE CRUISE WILL BE DANGEROUS! AND WHAT WILL I TELL CAPTAIN CROSSBONES WHEN HE COMES TO BID YOU GOODBYE?

THIS IS MADNESS, LADY NANCY! I WISH TO SAIL WITH HIM-- AND HE HAS FORBIDDEN ME TO SET FOOT ON THE **RED ROVER!**

HE KNOWS I WISH TO SAIL WITH HIM-- AND HE HAS FORBIDDEN ME TO SET FOOT ON THE **RED ROVER!** IT WILL BE EASY ENOUGH TO TELL HIM I'M ANGRY AND IN NO MOOD FOR FAREWELLS!

SOON AFTERWARD...
THERE'S DUKE -- WATCHING AT THE GANGWAY! IT'S MY GOOD LUCK THERE'S A HAZE THIS EVENING!

ROBIN! STIR YOUR IDLE BONES, LAD! WHAT NEWS FROM CROSSBONES?

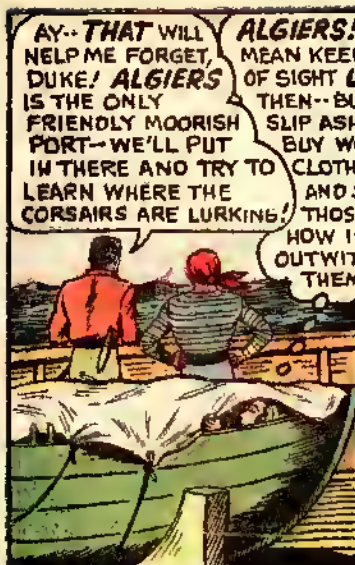


WE SAIL WITH THE TIDE, SIR-- **FOR THE BARBARY COAST!**

AHA-- **NOW** WE'LL HAVE BLOOD AND STEEL! WAIT HERE, AND KEEP A WEATHER EYE OPEN FOR LADY NANCY-- THE HIGHBORN WENCH MAY TRY TO SLIP ABOARD!

LATER, AS THE RED ROVER HEADS SEAWARD...
NANCY **CAN'T** BE IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE ELSE! BUT WHY WOULDN'T SHE SEE ME, DUKE-- AND WISH ME LUCK FOR THE VOYAGE?

AVAST, MATE! WHY BROOD ABOUT A **WOMAN**-- WHEN WE HAVE **IMPORTANT** THINGS LIKE FIGHTING AND PLUNDER AHEAD OF US?



AY-- THAT WILL
HELP ME FORGET,
DUKE! ALGIERS
IS THE ONLY
FRIENDLY MOORISH
PORT-- WE'LL PUT
IN THERE AND TRY TO
LEARN WHERE THE
CORSAIRS ARE LURKING!

ALGIERS! IT WILL
MEAN KEEPING OUT
OF SIGHT UNTIL
THEN-- BUT I'LL
SLIP ASHORE TO
BUY WOMEN'S
CLOTHES--
AND SHOW
THOSE TWO
HOW I'VE
OUTWITTED
THEM!

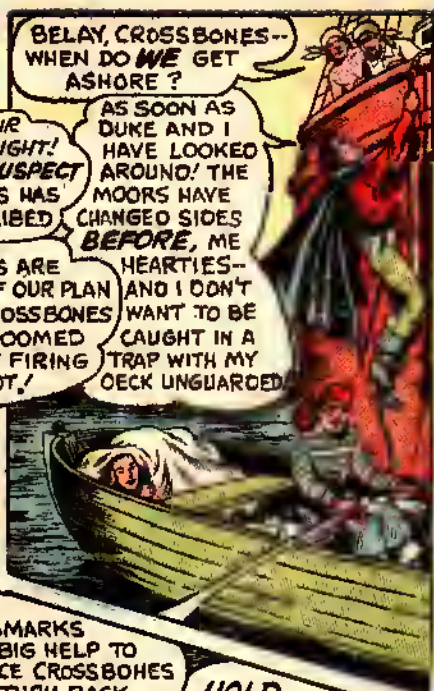
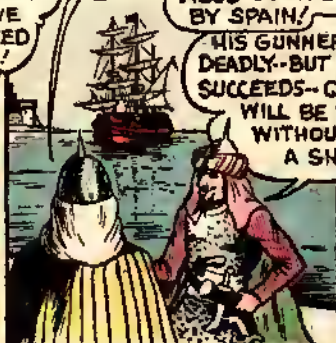
**DAYS LATER--AS THE
RED ROVER DROPS
ANCHOR IN
ALGIERS HARBOR--**

THE RED ROVER! OUR
SPANISH FRIENDS WERE RIGHT!
CROSSBONES DOESN'T SUSPECT
THAT THE BEY OF ALGIERS HAS
ALSO BEEN BRIBED
BY SPAIN!

HIS GUNNERS ARE
DEADLY--BUT IF OUR PLAN
SUCCEEDS-- CROSSBONES
WILL BE DOOMED
WITHOUT FIRING
A SHOT!

BELAY, CROSSBONES--
WHEN DO WE GET
ASHORE?

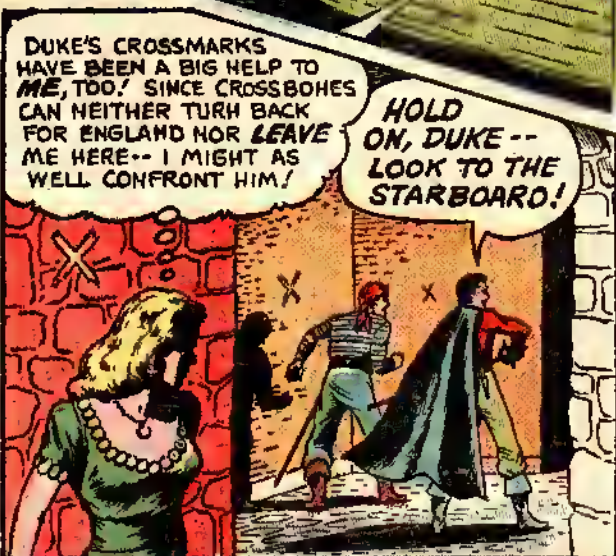
AS SOON AS
DUKE AND I
HAVE LOOKED
AROUND! THE
MOORS HAVE
CHANGED SIDES
BEFORE, ME
HEARTIES--
AND I DON'T
WANT TO BE
CAUGHT IN A
TRAP WITH MY
DECK UNGUARDED!



HOURS LATER...

WE GOT NOTHING BUT
STONY GLANCES WHEN WE
ASKED ABOUT THE PIRATES,
DUKE, AND I DON'T LIKE
THE LOOK OF IT! BUT
THE PROBLEM NOW IS--
HOW DO WE FIND OUR WAY
THROUGH THESE ALLEYS--
BACK TO THE
WATERFRONT?

I KNEW WE'D
HAVE TO MARK
OUT A COURSE,
MATE-- SO I
GOT A LUMP
OF CHALK
FROM THE
SHIP'S
CARPENTER!



DUKE'S CROSSMARKS
HAVE BEEN A BIG HELP TO
ME, TOO! SINCE CROSSBONES
CAN NEITHER TURN BACK
FOR ENGLAND NOR LEAVE
ME HERE-- I MIGHT AS
WELL CONFRONT HIM!

**HOLD
ON, DUKE--
LOOK TO THE
STARBOARD!**



VERMIN--
JACKALS!
LET ME GO!

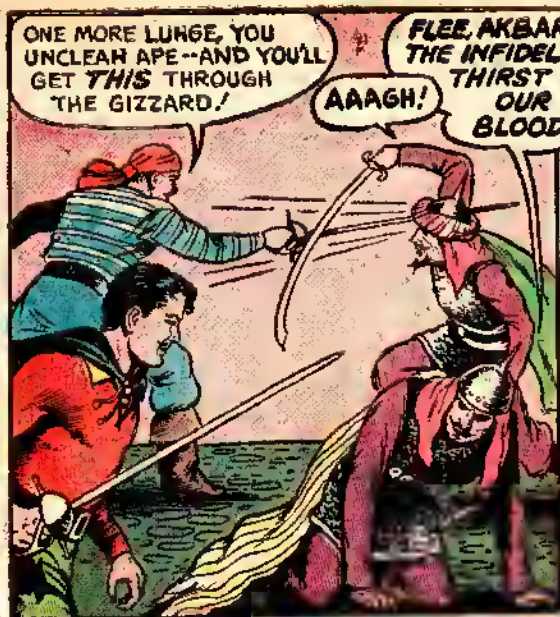
NOT YET! YOUR FATHER'S
SHIP CARRIES A CARGO
OF CATHAY SILKS--AND
THAT WILL BE THE
RANSOM HE PAYS
FOR YOU!



RANSOM HAS A PRICE
TOO, YOU SCURVY CURS!

BANG!

POW!



ONE MORE LUNGE, YOU UNCLEAN APE--AND YOU'LL GET **THIS** THROUGH THE GIZZARD!

AAAGH!

FLEE, AKBAR-- THE INFIDEL DOGS THIRST FOR OUR BLOOD!



AS THE ATTACKERS DART AWAY...
YOU WERE BOTH BRAVE AS LIONS--AND WELL DESERVE THE REWARD MY FATHER WILL WISH TO GIVE YOU!

IF HE KNOWS THESE WATERS--IT WILL BE REWARD ENOUGH TO GET INFORMATION ABOUT THE CORSAIRS! OUR BOAT'S WAITING--WE'LL ROW YOU OUT TO HIS SHIP!



NOW I'LL HAVE TO HIRE A BOAT-- I'M NOT GOING TO FACE CROSSBONES AROUND **HER**! I CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR HELPING WOMEN IN TROUBLE-- BUT **WHY** ARE THEY ALWAYS SO BEAUTIFUL?



ONLY THE **RED ROVER** COULD HAVE BROUGHT AN **ENGLISHWOMAN** TO ALGIERS, AKBAR!

HAH! THE SPANIARDS WILL REWARD US WELL FOR **HER**!



SOON AFTERWARD...

BLAST MY EYES, MATE-- YOU DIDN'T EVEN HELP HER ABOARD! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR HEAD?

MAYBE WE **BOTH** ARE, DUKE! THIS VESSEL'S A **GALLEY**--IT COULDN'T HAVE VOYAGED AS FAR AS CATHAY!



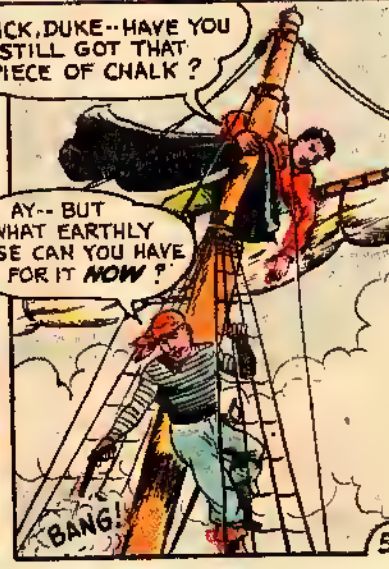
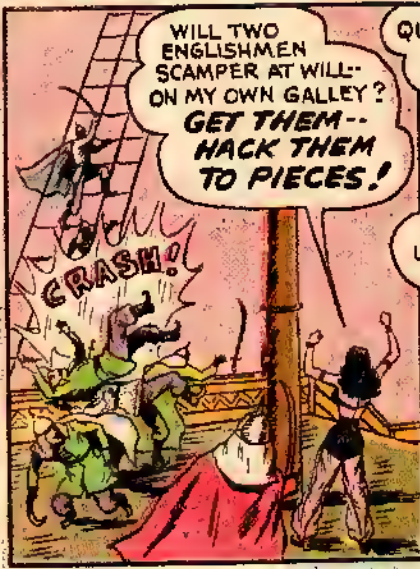
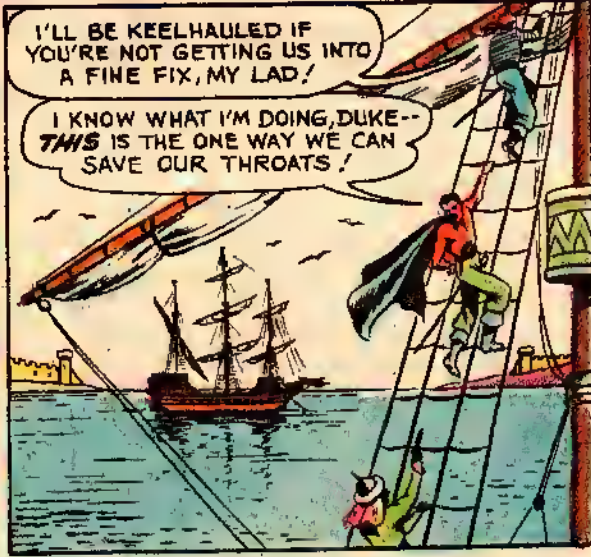
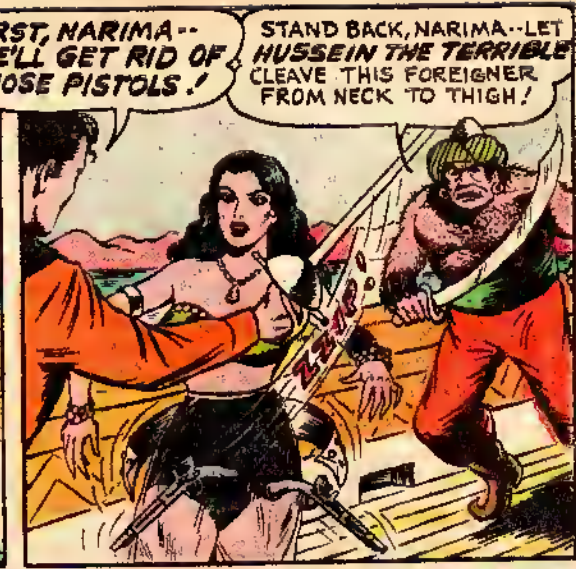
YOU ARE RIGHT, CAPTAIN CROSSBONES! I HAVE SAILED NO FURTHER THAN I NEEDED TO CAPTURE THREE ENGLISH SHIPS-- TWO HUNDRED GALLEY SLAVES-- AND **YOU!**

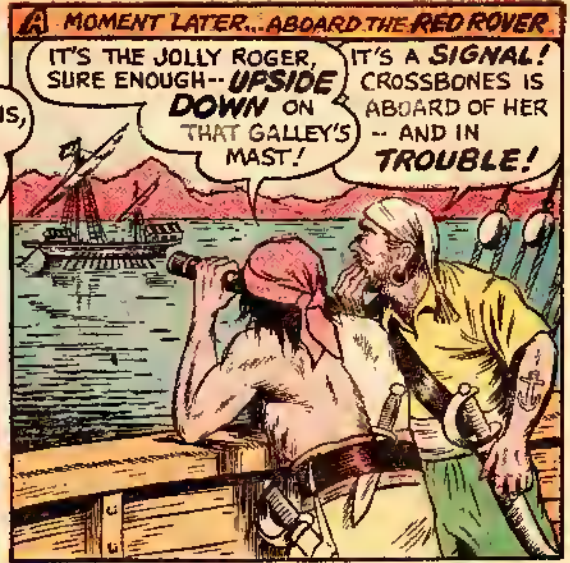
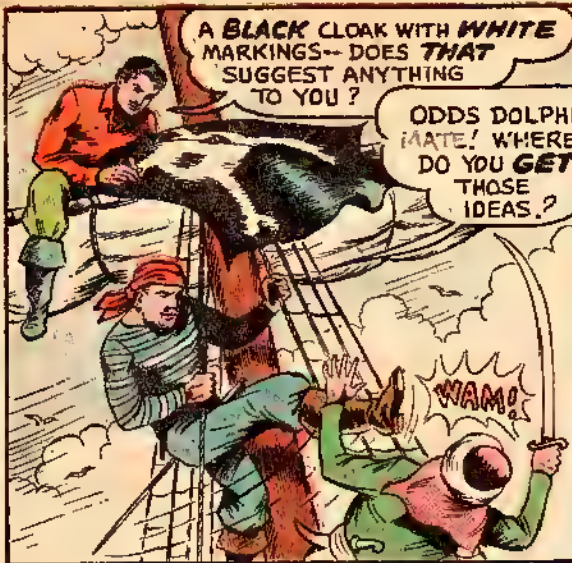


SUDDENLY...

LET CAPTAIN CROSSBONES LOOK AT **THIS**, NARIMA-- AND LEARN WHO **ELSE** WE HAVE CAPTURED!

GOOD LORD, DUKE-- **THAT'S NANCY'S LOCKET!**





WITH THE GALLEY CAPTURED...

I HAVE LOST **BATTLES** BEFORE-- BUT NEVER A **FORTUNE!** THE SPANIARDS HAVE A SHIP LOADED WITH PERUVIAN GOLD AT TANGIER-- AND THEY PROMISED IT TO **ME** IF I CAPTURED YOU!

THERE IS SOMETHING I HAVE YET TO LEARN, NARIMA-- SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT TO ME THAN **GOLD!**

THAT LOCKET! WHERE DID YOU GET IT? WHERE IS SHE?

WAIT! I WILL SPEAK-- WE FOUND THE ENGLISHWOMAN FOLLOWING YOU IN THE STREETS! SHE IS SAFE, I SWEAR IT-- IMPRISONED WITH THE ENGLISH SAILORS NEAR THE MOSQUE OF YAKOUB!



WE'LL HAVE TO LAND IN FORCE TO RESCUE 'EM, CROSSBONES-- AND HOW CAN IT BE DONE WITHOUT AROUSING THE ENTIRE CITY?

IT **CAN'T**, DUKE-- AND THAT'S WHY I MUST MAKE THE ATTEMPT **ALONE!** I'LL TAKE ALONG A KEG OF GUNPOWDER-- AND AS FOR THE REST-- **KEEP THE RED ROVER'S GUNS TRAINED ON THE MAIN SQUARE OVER-LOOKING THE WATERFRONT!**

THAT NIGHT, FAR INSIDE THE WALLS OF ALGIERS

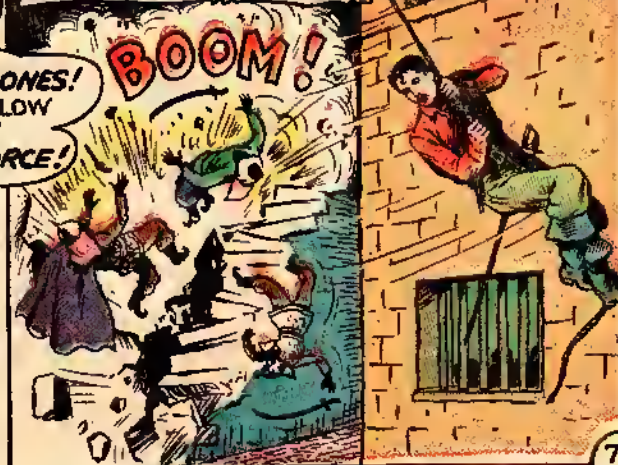


IF I EVER NEEDED LUCK IT'S **NOW--** BECAUSE THAT SHORT FUSE GIVES ME EXACTLY **TWO MINUTES** TO LURE THE GUARDS ONTO THE WALL!

HERE IS **ANOTHER** ENGLISHMAN AWAITING CAPTURE, DOGS! **NOW** MANY OF YOU ARE MAN ENOUGH TO **TRY?**

CAPTAIN CROSSBONES! WE'LL MAKE HIM SWALLOW THAT CHALLENGE! **ATTACK IN FORCE!**

AS THE GUARDS CLOSE IN, CROSSBONES LOOPS HIS ROPE AROUND A PROJECTING CORNICE OF THE PRISON--AND THEN--



MINUTES LATER, WITH THE PRISONERS FREED...

THEN-- IN A BLISTERING CANNONADE...

DARLING, I PRAYED FOR THIS MOMENT-- BUT I NEVER DREAMED IT'D HAPPEN!

WE'RE NOT SAFE YET, NANCY! HEAD FOR THE WATERFRONT, LADS! AND WHEN YOU SEE A FLASH FROM THE RED ROVER'S GUN DECK-- TAKE COVER!



DUKE COULDN'T HAVE LAID HIS SHOTS BETTER! NOW, SWEETHEART-- THERE'S AN UNGUARDED FISHERMAN'S BOAT AWAITING US AT THE WHARF!



SOON AFTERWARD...

YO-HO MATES, FOR CROSSBONES-- AND GET THE ANCHOR CLEAR! WE'RE SAILING FOR SPANISH GOLD! YO-HO FOR TANGIER!



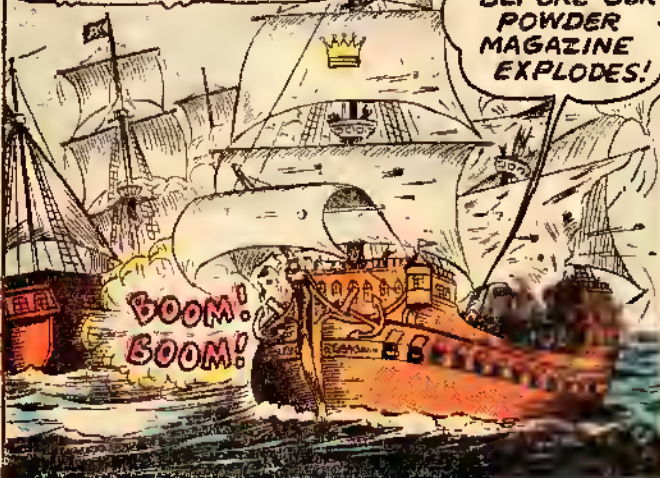
SEVERAL DAYS LATER-- ABOARD THE GOLD-LADEN GALLEON...

THE RED ROVER, EH? I KNEW THE COMBINATION OF NARIMA'S BEAUTY AND DEVILRY WOULD BE CROSSBONES' UNDOING-- SHE'S CAPTURED HIM!

BUT HIS FLAG IS AT THE MAST, ADMIRAL-- THE CURSED JOLLY ROGER. MAN THE GUNS!



THEN, IN A BROADSIDE THAT SWEEPS THE SPANIARDS AWAY FROM THEIR GUN PORTS...



LOWER THE KING'S COLORS-- BEFORE OUR POWDER MAGAZINE EXPLODES!

THAT NIGHT...

THE RED ROVER NEVER RETURNED TO ENGLAND WITH A CARGO THIS PRECIOUS, CROSSBONES-- NOT ONLY TREASURE-- BUT MEN FREED FROM SLAVERY!

AY, IT'S A PRECIOUS CARGO, SWEETHEART, AND I'VE GOT THE BEST OF IT HERE IN MY ARMS!



WITH CAPTAIN CROSSBONES AT THE HELM-- AND A FIGHTING CREW, AT THE GUNS THE RED ROVER SEEKS OUT NEW GLORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



THE END

For STARTLING
SUPERNATURAL STORIES...

IT'S THE **Terrific Trio!**

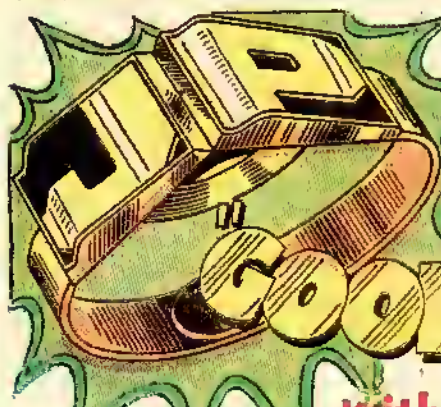
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ALLIGATOR ALLIES

THE MOON ROSE full and silvery over the dense Peruvian jungle, gleaming off the waters of the Marañon River...and off the golden buildings of the lost city of the Incas on the southern bank.

On the northern bank, Snake Rafferty stood up and said to his henchmen, "It's the coolest part of the night now...the time when the blasted alligators in that river will be snonzin' in the mud bottoms. So now's the time for us to cross the river an' loor that Incan city! C'mon!"

"What about *him*?" one of the men asked, pointing a pistol at the bloodied figure of Jim Billings lying on the ground. "I don't know how any man could've lived through a beatin' like the one we gave 'im...but he's still breathin'...he's still alive!"

Rafferty grinned and kicked Jim brutally in the ribs. A soft moan escaped Jim's lips, and Rafferty said, "Yeah, but we'll let 'im live a while longer...after all, we gotta be *grateful* to 'im for guidin' us to the lost treasure city of the Incas. We took his guns away, so there's nothin' he can do to stop us. Leave 'im lie there with that blasted phonograph of his for company...when we finish gettin' a load of jewels an' gold outa the city, we'll come back here an' finish *him* off!"

Through slitted eyelids, Jim watched Rafferty and his men pile into the crude raft they had built and shove off for the opposite bank of the river two hundred yards away. Experimentally, Jim tried to move his arms and legs...but the stab of agony that went through his bruised and battered body at the slightest move made him sink back into immobility with a groan.

But Jim knew he *had* to get up...he *had* to strike back at Rafferty and his men for their treachery. Rafferty had paid Jim well to guide the party through the trackless jungles in search of the legendary

lost city of the Incas...but when Jim finally *did* lead them to the golden city on the banks of the Marañon, Rafferty and his men had jumped him...to prevent him from ever giving away the location of the hidden city. That way, of course, Rafferty could return to the city time after time, until it was completely stripped of all its fabulous treasures.

The recollection of Rafferty's treachery suddenly sent a new burst of strength surging through Jim's tortured body. Grimly, desperately, oblivious of the white-hot knives of pain that every move brought him, Jim raised himself to his hands and knees...and finally managed to crawl to the large, battery-powered portable phonograph a few yards away. The phonograph was the one he'd always insisted on lugging along on every trek he'd made in his four years as a Peruvian jungle guide...it had been his constant companion on countless lonely nights...but now it was to serve *another* purpose.

With trembling hands, Jim flicked on the switch and turned the volume on full.

Half way across the river, Rafferty and his men turned in surprise as the burst of jazz music thunderously blasted the jungle silence. But moments later they had an even greater surprise as hundreds of thrashing alligators swarmed up from the river bottom, their great tails flailing, their murderous snouts breaking the surface all around the raft.

On the shore, Jim grinned at the men's screams of terror and agony as the alligators' ponderous bodies upset the puny raft and sent the gangmen sprawling into the water to their deaths.

Patting the sides of the phonograph, Jim said aloud, "So long, Rafferty...maybe *now* you know that alligators are strongly stimulated by music...that they shoot up violently to the surface when they 'hear' loud musical vibrations!"

SAILORS & FORTUNE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL BUCCANEER-EXPLORERS EVER TO SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS WAS WILLIAM DAMPIER, WHO BEGAN HIS ADVENTUROUS LIFE AS A GUNNER ON A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR DURING THE WAR WITH HOLLAND IN 1672...

'ATTA BOY, BILLY--
A DIRECT HIT!

BOOM!

BUT YOUNG WILLIAM PICKED UP MORE THAN GUNNERY IN HIS WAR SERVICE, FOR HE ALSO BECAME A MASTER AT THE FINE ART OF NAVIGATION--A TRADE THAT SERVED HIM IN GOOD STEAD WHEN HE BECAME A SHIP'S PILOT IN THE WEST INDIAN LOGWOOD TRADE!

THREE POINTS HARD TO STARBOARD
-- RAISE THE MIZZEN SKYSAIL!

DAMPIER'S SKILLS SOON CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE WEST INDIES BUCCANEERS...

THAT'S RIGHT, ME BUCKO--
WE KIN USE A SMART PILOT!
COME IN WITH US PRIVATEERS--
AND YE'LL GO HOME ONE
O' THE RICHEST MEN
IN ALL ENGLAND!

DEAL
ME IN!

DAMPIER WAS ABLE TO PILOT THE FREEBOOTERS' SHIP IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, STEALING UP ON TREASURE-LADEN SPANISH GALLEONS WHEN LEAST EXPECTED--AND IN THE DAYTIME, THE YOUNG NAVIGATOR'S CANNY SAILHANDLING EASILY OUT-MANEUVURED THE MOST EXPERIENCED SPANISH CAPTAIN!

HAW-- BILLY'S GOT
US IN A PERFECT
POSITION---
FIRE!

BOOM!

THE BUCCANEERS LIVED UP TO THEIR PROMISES, AND YOUNG WILLIAM RETURNED TO ENGLAND IN 1678 WITH A LARGE FORTUNE, BECOMING THE LION OF LONDON SOCIETY!

OH, MR. DAMPIER, YOU **MUST**
TELL US ABOUT YOUR
ADVENTURES AS A
PRIVATEER!

THE ADVENTUROUS YOUTH SOON TIRED OF THE EASY, FASHIONABLE LIFE--AND JOINED FORCES WITH A PIRATICAL CAPTAIN SWAN AND HIS SHIP, THE CYGNET, ON A FREEBOOTING VOYAGE TO THE EAST INDIES! BUT OFF THE NICOBAR ISLANDS...

I'M CO-CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP, SWAN--AND I SAY WE **WON'T**
ATTACK ANY ENGLISH SHIPS--
ONLY THOSE THAT FLY THE
FLAG OF ACCURSED
SPAIN!

YE BLOODY
SWINE--
YE'LL DO AS
I SAY--
OR DIE!



SORRY, SWAN-- I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

YAGH!

KNOWING THAT HE COULDN'T FIGHT OFF THE ENTIRE CREW, DAMPIER UNHESITATINGLY LEAPED OFF THE SHIP, AND BEGAN SWIMMING TOWARD THE NEARBY ISLAND...



LET'M GO-- THERE'S NOT A BOAT IN THE NICOBARS-- HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THERE ALIVE!

BUT THE UNDAUNTED ADVENTURER BUILT HIS OWN CANOE, AND THEN BRAVED A TERRIFIC TROPICAL STORM TO REACH THE SUMATRA COAST...



FOR TWO YEARS, DAMPIER WANDERED AROUND THE ORIENT, VISITING THE MALAY PENINSULA, SIAM, AND INDO-CHINA-- BEFORE ADDING ANOTHER CHAPTER TO HIS EXPLOITS BY BECOMING THE MASTER GUNNER OF THE FORT AT BENCOOLEN, NOT FAR FROM THE STRAITS OF SUNDA!



FIRE!

BOOM!

AFTER HIS ORIENTAL ADVENTURES, DAMPIER RETURNED TO ENGLAND TO WRITE A BOOK ABOUT HIS TRAVELS! THIS BROUGHT HIM TO THE ATTENTION OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY, WHICH WAS BADLY IN NEED OF MEN OF HIS SKILLS AND EXPERIENCE...

MR. DAMPIER, WE ARE GRANTING YOU A NAVAL COMMISSION AND GIVING YOU COMMAND OF THE FIRST BRITISH EXPEDITION EVER TO EXPLORE THE SOUTH SEAS!



ON JANUARY 14TH, 1699, DAMPIER SAILED ABOARD THE **N.M.S. ROEBUCK**-- AND DISCOVERED THE ISLAND OF NEW BRITAIN AND THE BODY OF WATER THAT NOW BEARS HIS NAME-- **DAMPIER STRAIT!**



BUT THAT WASN'T THE END OF DAMPIER'S ADVENTURES! HIS LAST ROLE AS A SAILOR OF FORTUNE WAS AS A NAVIGATOR ON A PRIVATEERING EXPEDITION THAT CIRCUMNAVIGATED THE GLOBE IN THE YEARS 1708-1711-- AND THANKS TO DAMPIER'S SKILL, THE PRIVATEERS CAPTURED ENORMOUS LOOT!



HA-- I'VE DRIVEN THAT GALLEON ON THE REEFS! BOARDING PARTIES-- TAKE OVER!

THE END

LANCE LARSON

**SOLDIER
of
FORTUNE**

NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE RIDING HERD ON A SHIPMENT OF ARMS AND EQUIPMENT TO SPAIN-- BUT A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT'S GOT TO TAKE THINGS AS THEY COME! AND IF BARCELONA'S THE TOWN IT USED TO BE-- THERE'S NO TELLING HOW THIS MISSION WILL WIND UP!

WHEN MOST OF THE WORLD KNOWS A TWO-FISTED ADVENTURER AS THE ONE MAN ARMY-- HE'S MARKED FOR HIGH-VOLTAGE INTRIGUE WHEREVER HE GOES! BUT LANCE LARSON PLAYS ANOTHER AND MORE MYSTERIOUS ROLE-- AND IT'S LEADING HIM INTO A PLOT INVOLVING THE FACE OF A PATRIOT WHO DIED FOR DEMOCRACY!

AS LANCE'S SHIP TIES UP--

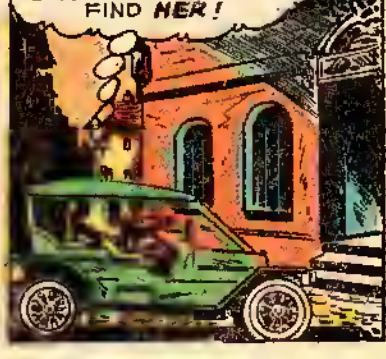
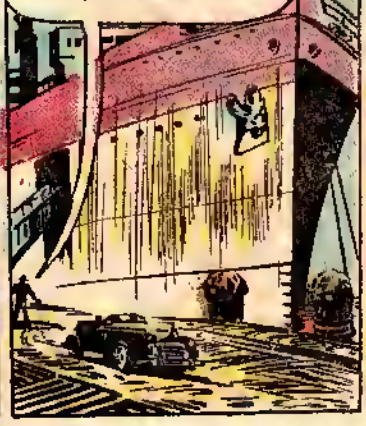
HOW DARE YOU STOP ME? I AM THE COUNTESS VARA!

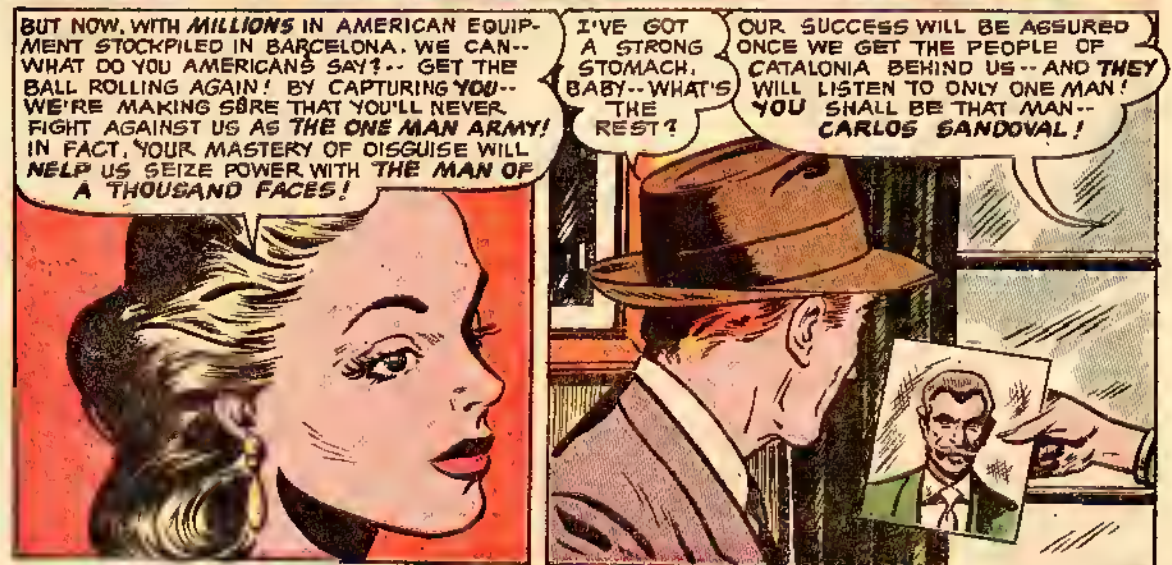
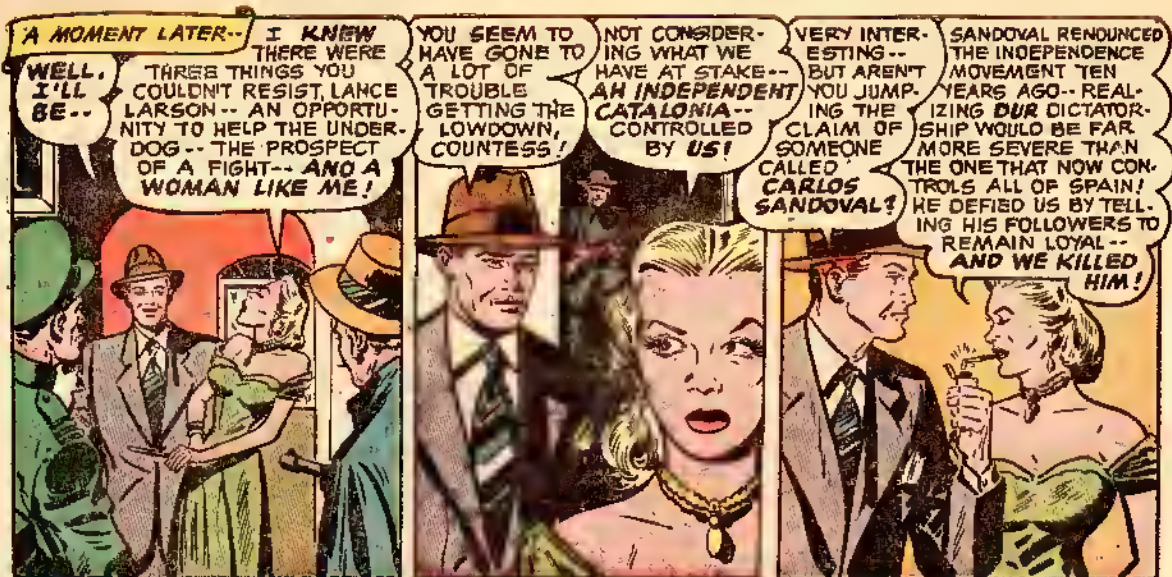
WE KNOW THAT-- AND WE KNOW WHY YOU PLAN TO SEE LANCE LARSON! GET IN THE CAR, COUNTESS-- UNLESS YOU WISH THE SAME FATE AS CARLOS SANDOVAL!

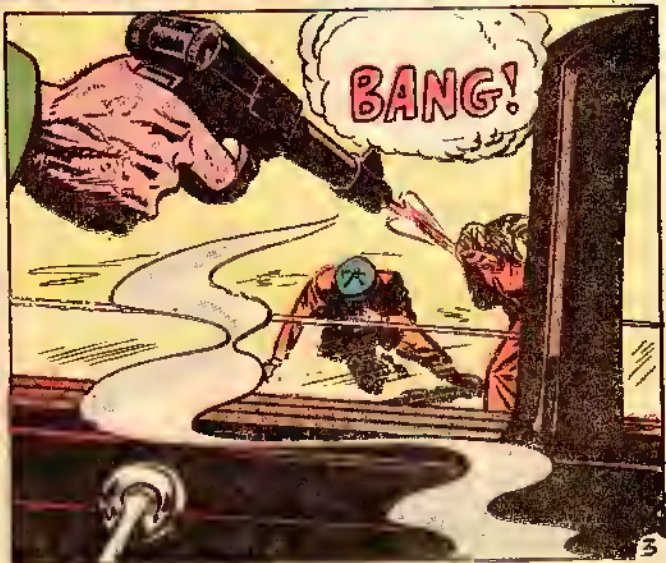
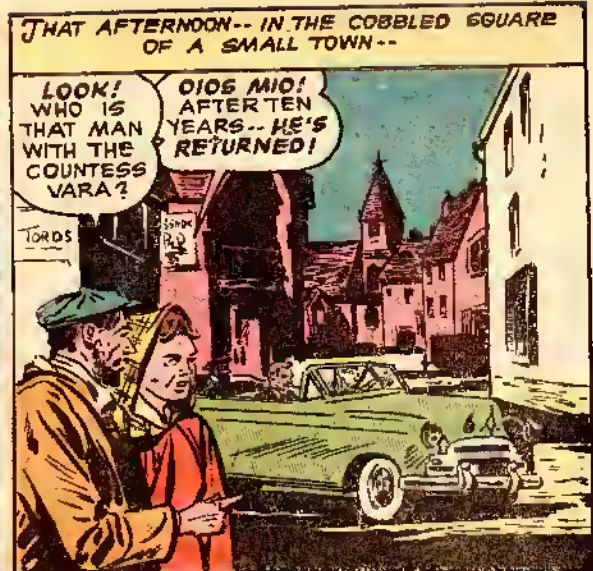
SECONDS LATER--

GREAT GUNS-- THEY'VE GOT HER! I HEARD THEM MENTION CARLOS SANDOVAL-- I WAS BRIEFED ON HIM BEFORE I LEFT NEW YORK! AND NOW I'D BETTER GET A LINE ON COUNTESS VARA!

THIS REGION-- KNOWN AS CATALONIA-- TRIED TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE REST OF SPAIN ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO! THE MOVEMENT DIED OUT WHEN ITS LEADER, CARLOS SANDOVAL, HAD A CHANGE OF HEART-- BUT THINGS SEEM TO BE POPPING AGAIN! NOW THAT I'VE FOUND THE COUNTESS'S PALACE-- MAYBE HER STAFF CAN HELP ME FIND HER!



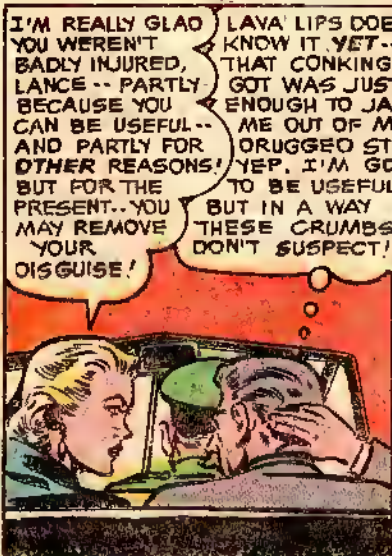






SOMETHING MUST BE DONE, COUNTLESS! OUR ENTIRE PLOT WILL COLLAPSE IF THE PEOPLE OF GUADELA SPREAD THEIR SUSPICIONS!

WE CAN ALWAYS PROVE LATER THAT GUADELA WAS A HOTBED OF RADICALISM-- ESPECIALLY IF NO ONE'S LEFT ALIVE TO DENY IT! COLONEL ROBLES-- YOU HEAD THE DETACHMENT GUARDING THE BARCELONA DOCKS! A FEW CASES OF AMERICAN WEAPONS WILL NEVER BE MISSED-- BUT THEY WILL BE ENOUGH TO WIPE OUT GUADELA!



LAVA LIPS DOESN'T KNOW IT YET-- BUT THAT CONKING I GOT WAS JUST ENOUGH TO JAR ME OUT OF MY DRUGGED STUPOR! YEP, I'M GOING TO BE USEFUL-- BUT IN A WAY THESE CRUMBS DON'T SUSPECT!

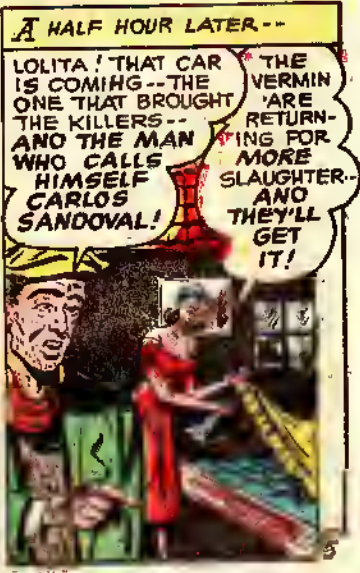
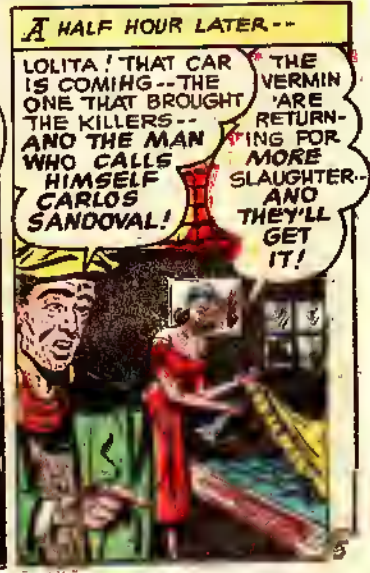
SOON AFTERWARD--

IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME, COUNT-ESS!

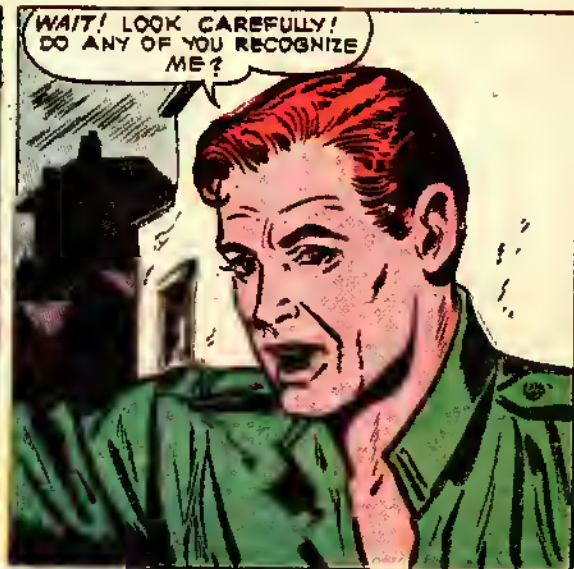
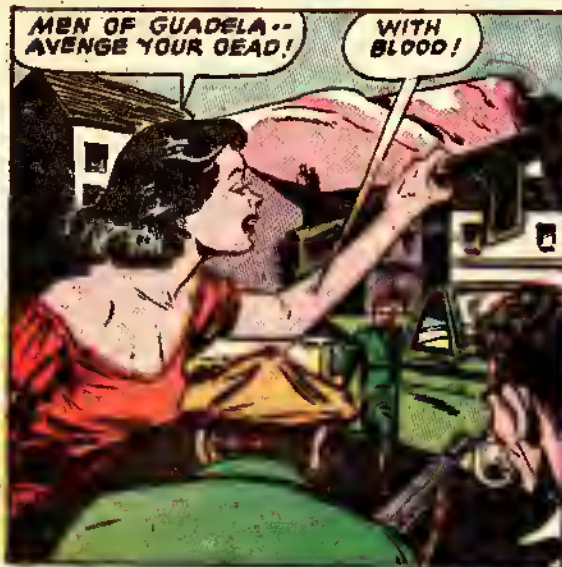
WHY LANCE-- DON'T TELL ME YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO TAKE MY HAND?

WHAT IDEAS YOU GET, ARSENIC!





THE VERMIN ARE RETURNING FOR MORE SLAUGHTER-- AND THEY'LL GET IT!

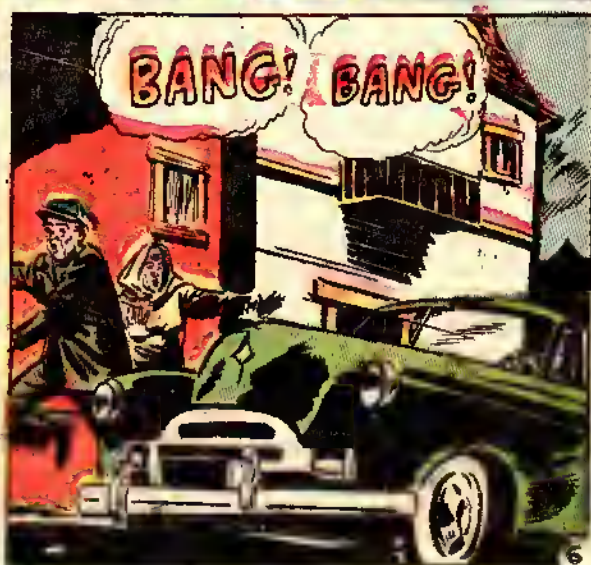


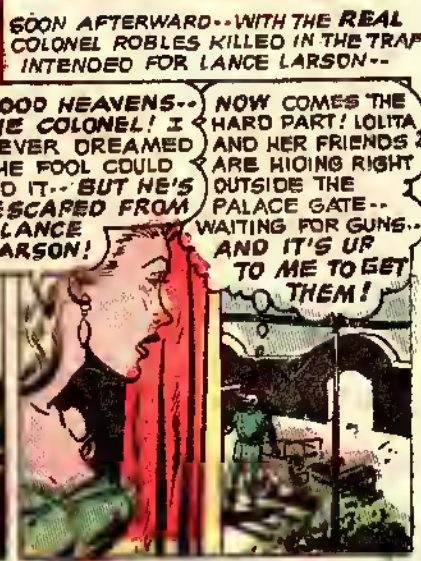
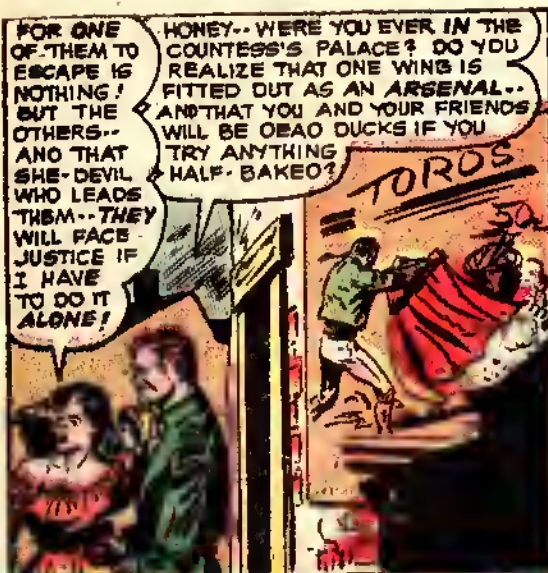
**SINCE YOU ARE WEARING THIS
HATED UNIFORM--YOU MUST
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED / YOU
ARE READY TO
STRIKE BACK--
AS THE MAN
OF A THOUSAND
FACES!**

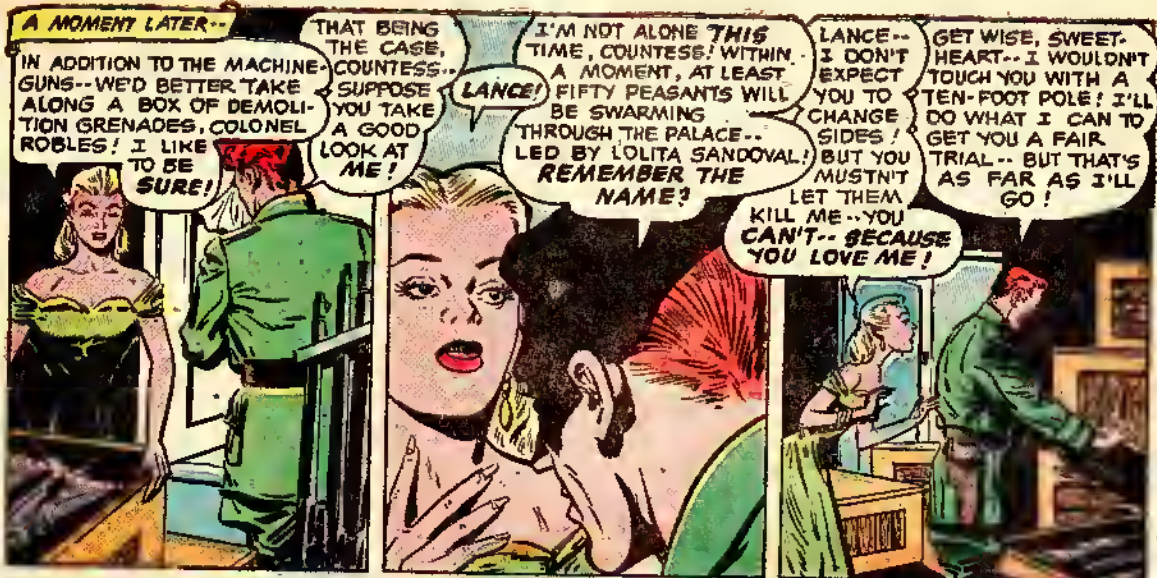
**YES, LOLITA-- I
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED --
BECAUSE I
WAS HERE! THE
COUNTESS AND HER
STAFF FORCED ME
TO ASSUME ANOTHER
DISGUISE -- THE
DISGUISE YOU
SAW THROUGH!**

**CARLOS SANDOVAL! IS IT ANY
WONDER I SHOULD REMEMBER
THE FACE I HAVE WAITED TEN
YEARS TO SEE AGAIN-- THE
FACE WITH A SMALL SCAR--
THE FACE
OF MY
FATHER?**

**THIS WON'T BE
EASY, KID-- BUT
YOUR WAITING'S
OVER-- THEY
KILLED HIM!**







A MOMENT LATER--

IN ADDITION TO THE MACHINE-GUNS--WE'D BETTER TAKE ALONG A BOX OF DEMOLITION GRENADES, COLONEL ROBLES! I LIKE TO BE SURE!

THAT BEING THE CASE, COUNTESSE--SUPPOSE YOU TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME!

LANCE!

I'M NOT ALONE THIS TIME, COUNTESSE! WITHIN A MOMENT, AT LEAST FIFTY PEASANTS WILL BE SWARMING THROUGH THE PALACE--LED BY LOLITA SANDOVAL! REMEMBER THE NAME?

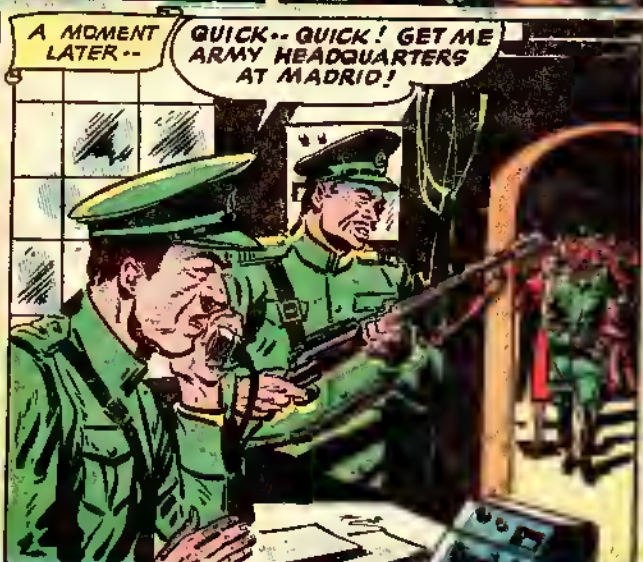
LANCE--I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO CHANGE SIDES! BUT YOU MUSTN'T LET THEM KILL ME--YOU CAN'T--BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME!

GET WISE, SWEET-HEART--I WOULDN'T TOUCH YOU WITH A TEN-FOOT POLE! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO GET YOU A FAIR TRIAL--BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS I'LL GO!



I'LL GO AS FAR AS SHE WENT--WITH CARLOS SANDOVAL!

BANG!



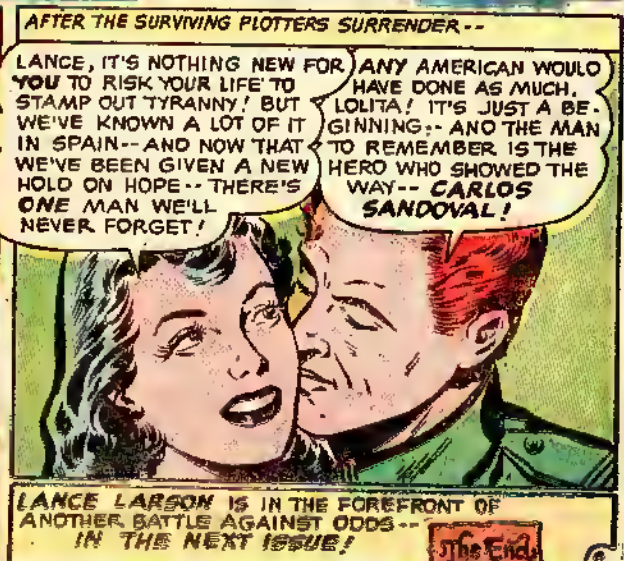
A MOMENT LATER--

QUICK--QUICK! GET ME ARMY HEADQUARTERS AT MADRID!



REVENGE--FOR GUADELA!

BOOM!



AFTER THE SURVIVING PLOTTERS SURRENDER--

LANCE, IT'S NOTHING NEW FOR YOU TO RISK YOUR LIFE TO STAMP OUT TYRANNY! BUT WE'VE KNOWN A LOT OF IT IN SPAIN--AND NOW THAT WE'VE BEEN GIVEN A NEW HOLD ON HOPE--THERE'S ONE MAN WE'LL NEVER FORGET!

ANY AMERICAN WOULD HAVE DONE AS MUCH, LOLITA! IT'S JUST A BEGINNING--AND THE MAN TO REMEMBER IS THE HERO WHO SHOWED THE WAY--CARLOS SANDOVAL!

LANCE LARSON IS IN THE FOREFRONT OF ANOTHER BATTLE AGAINST ODDS--IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

The End

LOST LOOT

IN 1917, WHEN THE MEXICAN BANDIT, PANCHITO VILLA, WAS HIDING IN THE CHIHUAHUA MOUNTAINS FROM THE GOVERNMENT ARMY...

GENERAL GONZALES, YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN I CAN TRUST FOR THIS MISSION! I MUST HAVE MORE MONEY TO BUY OFF THE REST OF THE ARMY OFFICERS--- I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE PLACE WHERE I HAVE HIDDEN \$7,000,000 IN STOLEN GOLD-- AND BRING IT TO ME HERE!

SI, PANCHITO-- IT WILL BE DONE!

BUT NEAR THE CANTINA HALFWAY ALONG THE ROAD FROM DOLORES TO TEMOSACHIC...

GENERAL-- GOVERNMENT TROOPS COME THIS WAY!

DIABLO-- WE HAVE NO TIME TO ESCAPE-- THE GOLD WILL WEIGH US DOWN! WE WILL HAVE TO HIDE IT!

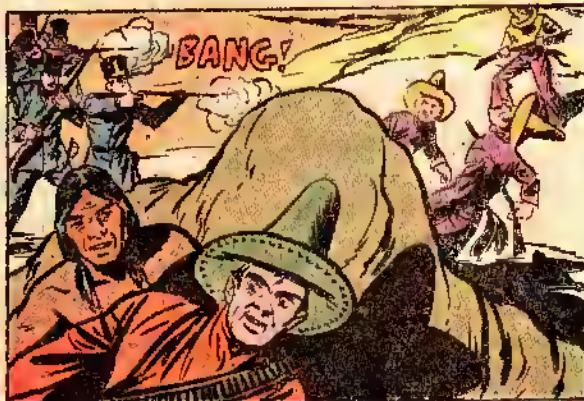


GENERAL GONZALES PAVED OFF EXACTLY 515 METRES--- OR 1675.75 FEET--- DUE EAST OF THE CANTINA...

DIG HERE!



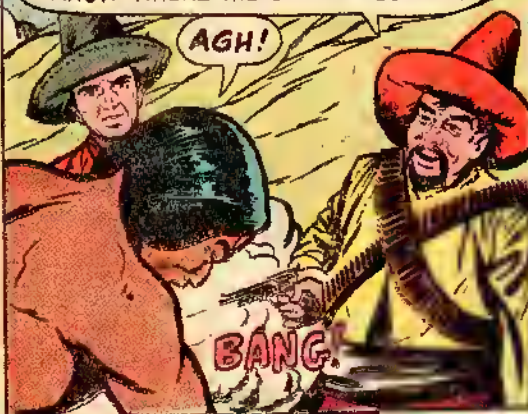
NO SOONER HAD THE TRENCH BEEN DUG AND THE \$7,000,000 IN LOOT BURIED, THAN THE MEXICAN TROOPS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE! IN THE ENSUING BATTLE, ALL THE BANDITS WERE KILLED-- EXCEPT GENERAL GONZALES AND ONE INDIAN!



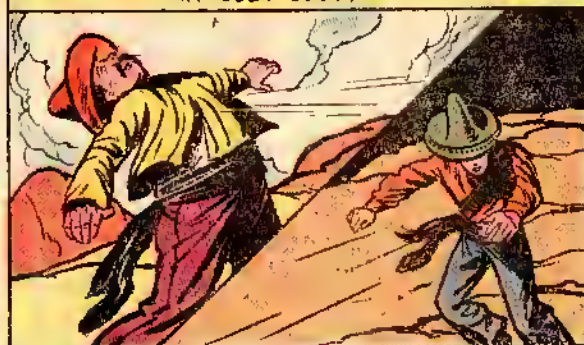
WHEN GONZALES REACHED PANCHITO VILLA'S HIDEOUT THE NEXT DAY AND TOLD WHAT HAD HAPPENED--

HA-- NOW ONLY YOU AND ME, GENERAL, KNOW WHERE THE GOLD IS BURIED!

AGH!



BUT NEITHER PANCHITO VILLA NOR GENERAL GONZALES LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO DIG UP THEIR FORTUNE IN LOST LOOT!



SOMEWHERE IN THE DESOLATE, BANDIT-INFESTED AREA BETWEEN DOLORES AND TEMOSACHIC, THAT TREASURE STILL AWAITS THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE WHO IS BRAVE ENOUGH-- AND LUCKY ENOUGH-- TO FIND IT! WILL IT BE YOU, READER?

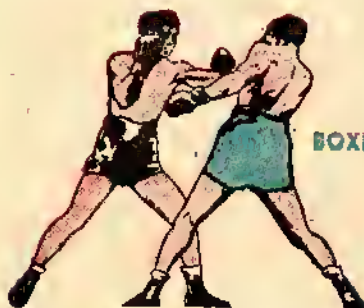
The END

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MASTER
not the slave!
Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE

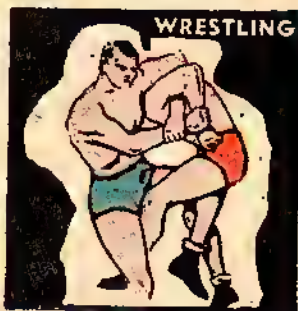


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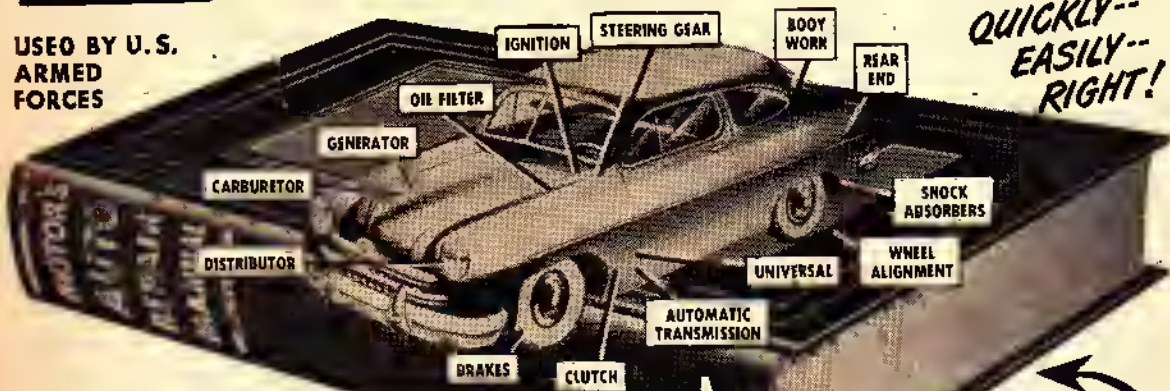
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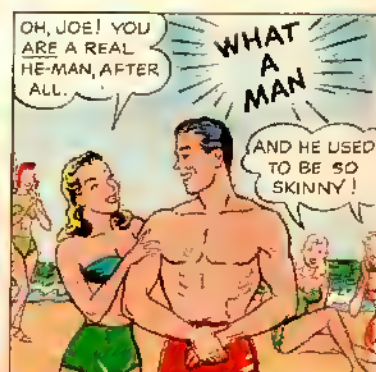
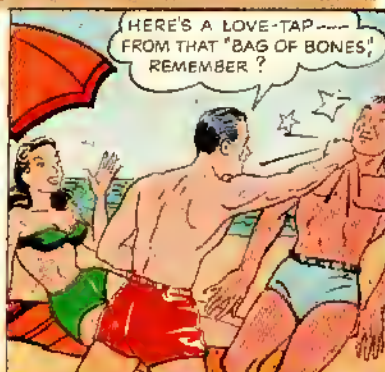
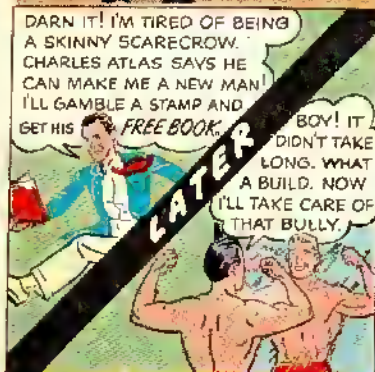
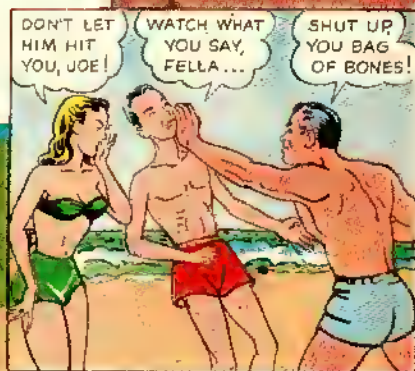
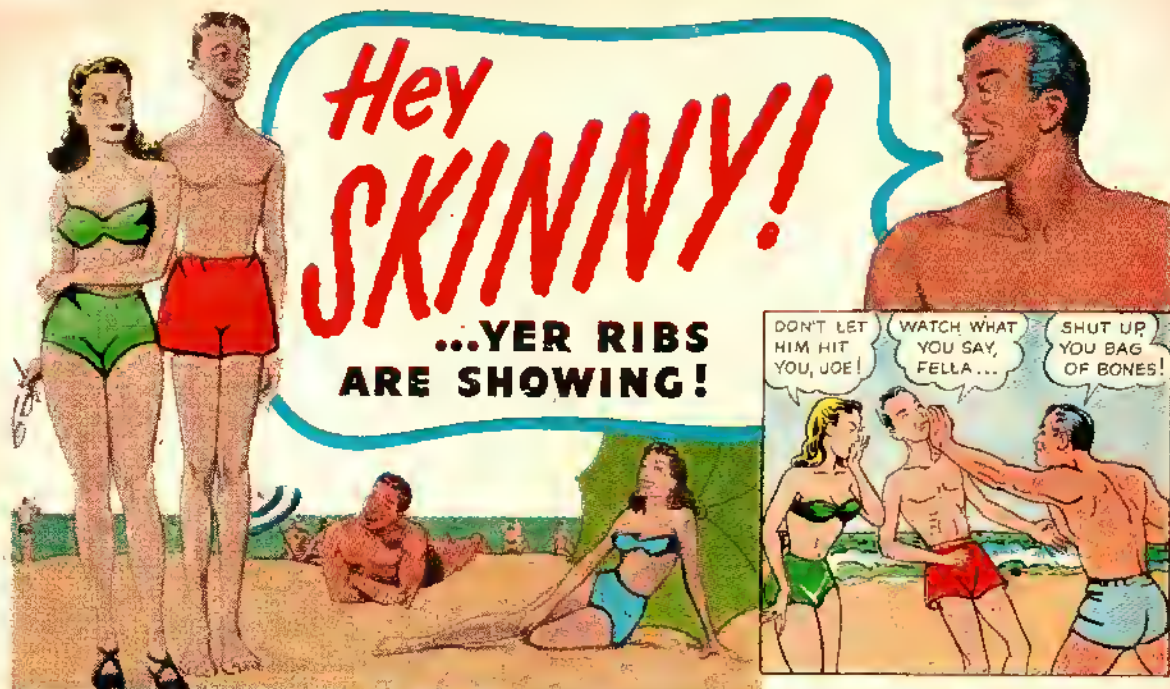
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